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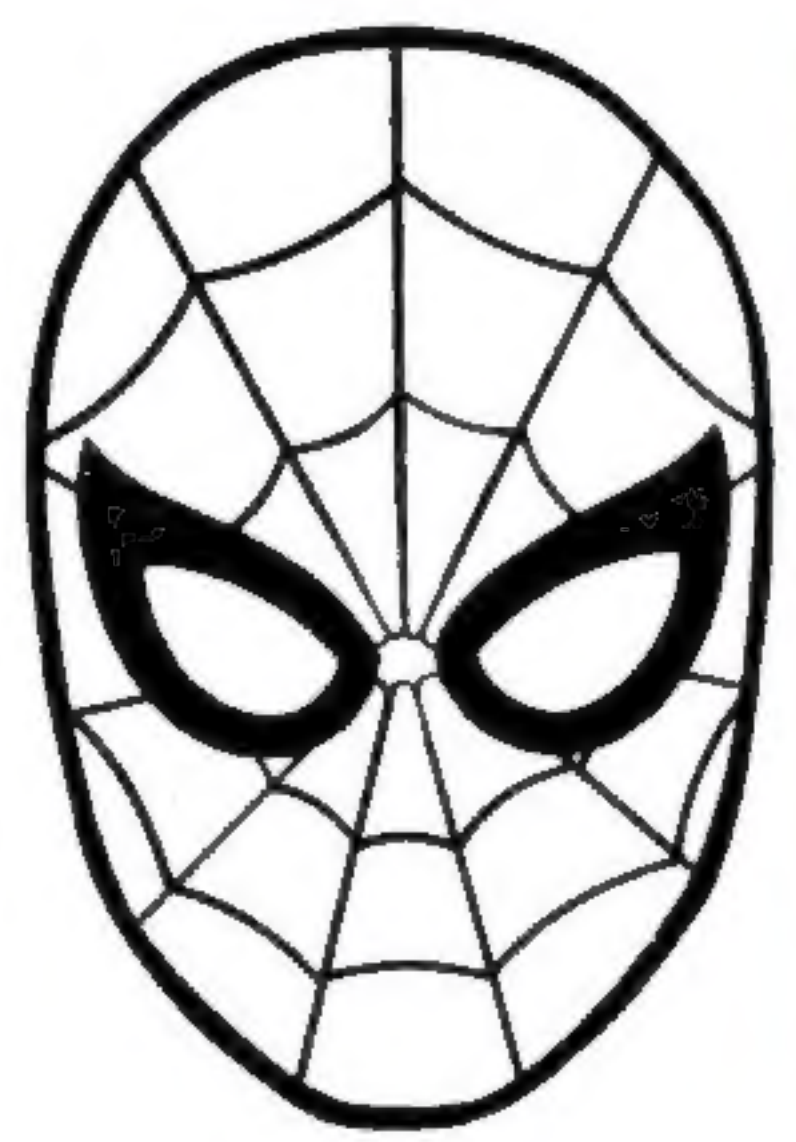


EXTINCTION AGENDA

PART 5

THE NEW

MUTANTS



LIEFELD

THIS IS GENOSHA, AN ISLAND NATION LYING JUST EAST OF AFRICA. ITS CAPITAL, HAMMER BAY, IS, IN MANY WAYS, A MODEL CITY, FREE OF THE CRIME AND RACIAL STRIFE THAT PLAGUE OTHER METROPOLISES. BUT ITS PEACE AND PROSPERITY, THE RESULT OF THE EXPLOITATION OF SUPER-POWERED SLAVES CALLED MUTATES, HAVE BEEN SHATTERED BY A CONFLICT WITH A UNION OF INTERNATIONAL MUTANT HEROES COLLECTIVELY KNOWN AS THE X-MEN.

TWO MAGISTRATES HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED, NAKED AND UNCONSCIOUS IN A LOCAL PARK, AND TWO OF THE INVADING MUTANT TERRORISTS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

MORE ARE BELIEVED TO BE IN THE VICINITY, AND A STATE OF CIVIL EMERGENCY HAS BEEN DECLARED, AND A CURFEW ESTABLISHED.

MAN, JEFFY, I WISH WE HAD A TELE-MUTATE. EVEN THE BORING OLD NEWS IS COOL WHEN HE HOLOGRAPHICALLY PROJECTS IT IN 3-D...

...LOTS NEATER THAN ON TV.

IT'S JUST THAT MY DAD'S A GOVER'MENT OFFICER AN' HE NEEDS IT FOR HIS WORK.

NO WONDER THE X-MEN TERRORISTS CAME INTO GENOSHA AN' STOLE A MUTATE A WHILE BACK.*

*IN X-MEN #236-238. --BOB

THAT'S WHAT MY DAD SAYS STARTED THIS CONFLICT.

HEY, LOOK! TWO MAGISTRATES-- IN RIOT GEAR-- WITH A MUTATE-SENSITIVE TRACKER.

SEVERAL OF THE TERRORISTS HAVE BEEN SIGHTED IN THIS AREA. YOU KIDS GET INSIDE-- PRONTO!

WOW, AWESOME! BET THERE'S A BATTLE RIGHT HERE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

GENOSHA MAY BE A SMALL COUNTRY, BUT WE SURE DON'T LET OURSELVES BE PUSHED AROUND.

NO WAY. WE'LL PROTECT OUR PROPERTY AN' PUNISH ANY TERRORISTS AN' BEAT ANY INVADERS-- HANDS DOWN!

SO MUCH FOR THE KIDS' POINT OF VIEW. I ONLY WISH IT WAS THAT SIMPLE.

DIG IT, FRANK, THE TRACKER'S GETTIN' EXCITED. HE'S ONTO SOMETHING.

COME ON.

AND FROM A ROOFTOP NEARBY, TWO YOUNG MUTANTS WATCH AS THE CHILDREN STRAGGLE INSIDE...

THE NEWS MADE A BIG DEAL ABOUT WOLVERINE AND PSYLOCKE'S CAPTURE, BUT IT DIDN'T EVEN MENTION OUR ESCAPE!

POOR BOOM-BOOM, NEVER GETS ANY AIRPLAY.

THINK ABOUT IT, FIRECRACKER. MAYBE THEY DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW THAT ESCAPE FROM THEIR IMPREGNABLE CITADEL IS POSSIBLE.

I'D BEEN HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT RAHNE... AND STORM HAD MADE IT OUT TOO, BUT NOW, WITH WARLOCK DEAD, I FEAR THE WORST.

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH RAHNE, OR MADE HER STAY WITH ME.

AND I WAS SO SURE WOLVERINE AND PSYLOCKE WOULD RESCUE THEM. FAT CHANCE.

IT WAS A DUMB PLAN, ANYWAY... ESPECIALLY THE PART ABOUT LEAVING US BEHIND WITH THAT LOUDMOUTH JUBILEE IN CHARGE.

AND IT WAS EQUALLY DUMB OF PSYLOCKE TO PUT X-FACTOR COORDINATES INTO JUBILEE'S HEAD SO WE COULD RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM.

THE COORDINATES WERE WAY NORTH OF THE CITY AND I KNOW X-FACTOR WILL HAVE MOVED CLOSER BY NOW.

JUBILEE'S ACTING SO SUPERIOR... SHE HAS TO SCROUNGE FOR FOOD, SHE HAS TO RECONNOITER AHEAD...

...SINCE THE HIGH AND MIGHTY, NOW-CAPTIVE-BY-THE-WAY, WOLVERINE PUT HER IN CHARGE!

AND WHAT REALLY STINKS IS THAT SHE HAS PRACTICALLY THE SAME POWERS I DID BEFORE WIPEOUT BLOCKED THEM.

GIVE HER A BREAK, FIRECRACKER. JUBILEE MAY BE A BUTTHEAD, BUT SHE HAS A POINT.

THE MAGISTRATES HAVE OUR ID'S AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, SO IT'S LOGICAL FOR HER TO GO--

BANG! BLAM-KRA-WRAHM!

YEAH? WELL, IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE GOT HER NUMBER NOW. COME ON.

THEY ARE MUTANTS, BORN WITH GENETIC ANOMALIES THAT GIVE THEM UNCANNY SUPERHUMAN POWERS! THEY ARE TEEN-AGERS, COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA! THEY ARE A TEAM LEARNING TO WIELD THEIR ABILITIES FOR THE SALVATION OF A WORLD THAT OFTEN FEARS AND LOATHES THEIR KIND!

STAN LEE PRESENTS... THE NEW MUTANTS!

UNITED WE STAND

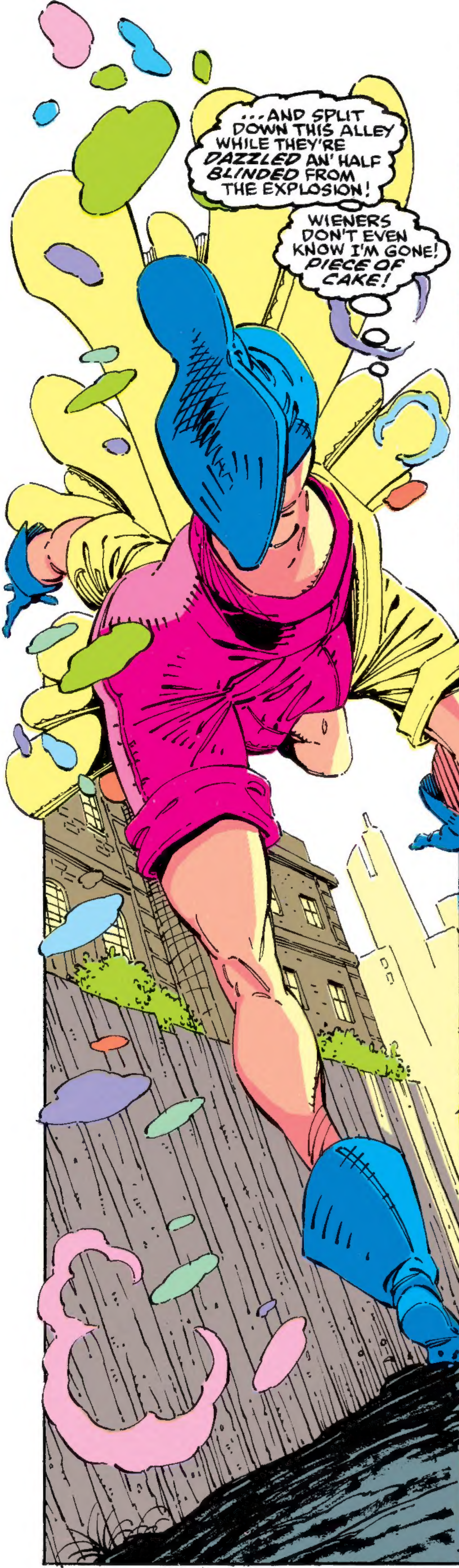
THIS STINKS! ALL THIS TROUBLE AN' I DROPPED THE BURGERS!

STILL, SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO LOSE THOSE DWEBBS...

LOUISE SIMONSON-- WRITER
ROB LIEFELD-- PENCILER
ART THIBERT & JOSEF RUBINSTEIN-- INKERS
TASK FORCE Z-- LETTERERS
STEVE BUCCELLATO-- COLORIST
BOB HARRAS-- EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO-- EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NO, BOSS. PLEASE. NO GO. LIGHT HURT ME.

JUST LOOKS LIKE I'M RUNNING DOWN THE STREET, TOSS A FEW FIREWORKS IN THEIR DIRECTION...



...AND SPLIT DOWN THIS ALLEY WHILE THEY'RE DAZZLED AN' HALF BLINDED FROM THE EXPLOSION!

WIENERS DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M GONE! PIECE OF CAKE!

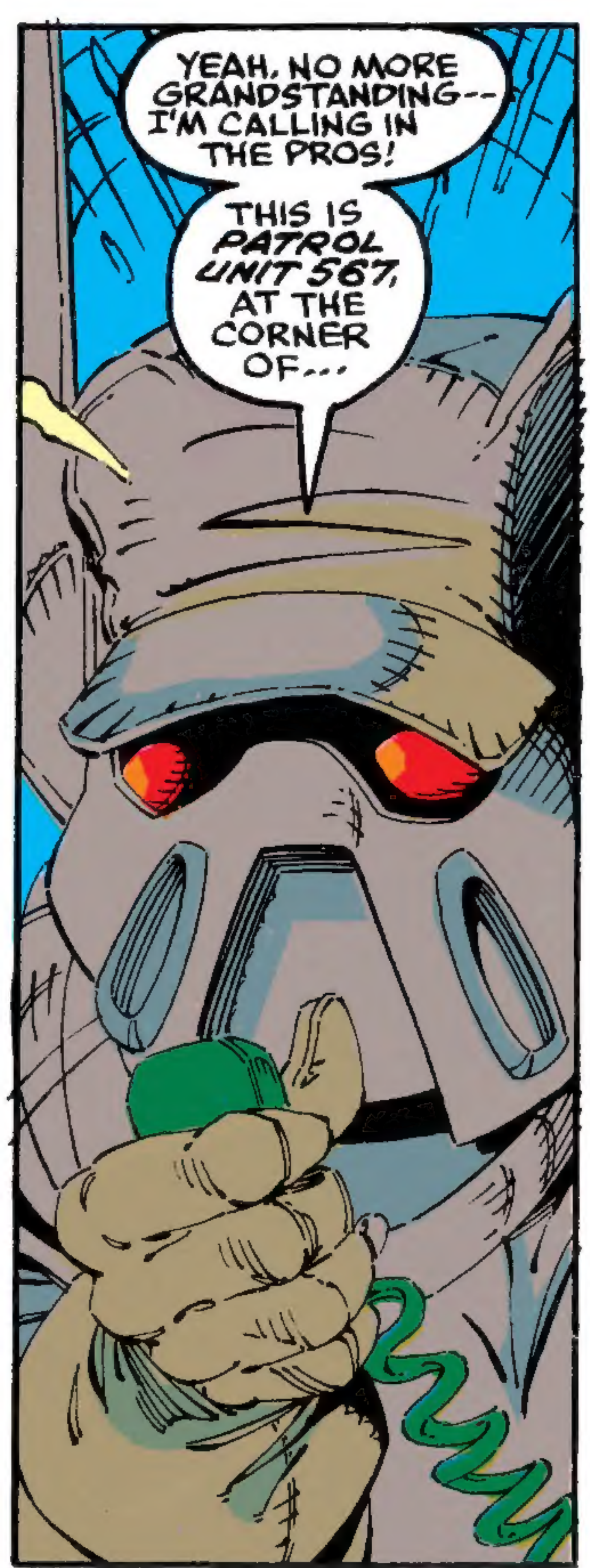


JUST OUR LUCK TO DRAW A TRACKER FRESH FROM THE CO-COON, WITH NO TRAINING AN' LESS GUMPTION.

NOT ITS FAULT, ALL THE NEW MUTATES ARE BEING CHANNELED TO THE WAR EFFORT... WHETHER THEIR ABILITY PROFILE FITS OR NOT.

AN' WE'RE NOT ANY MORE USED TO HANDLING TRACKERS THAN THIS CREATURE IS TO BEING ONE.

STILL, WE CAPTURE THE KID, IT'LL MEAN A BIG PROMOTION. AN' IT'S OUR TAILS IF SHE ESCAPES.



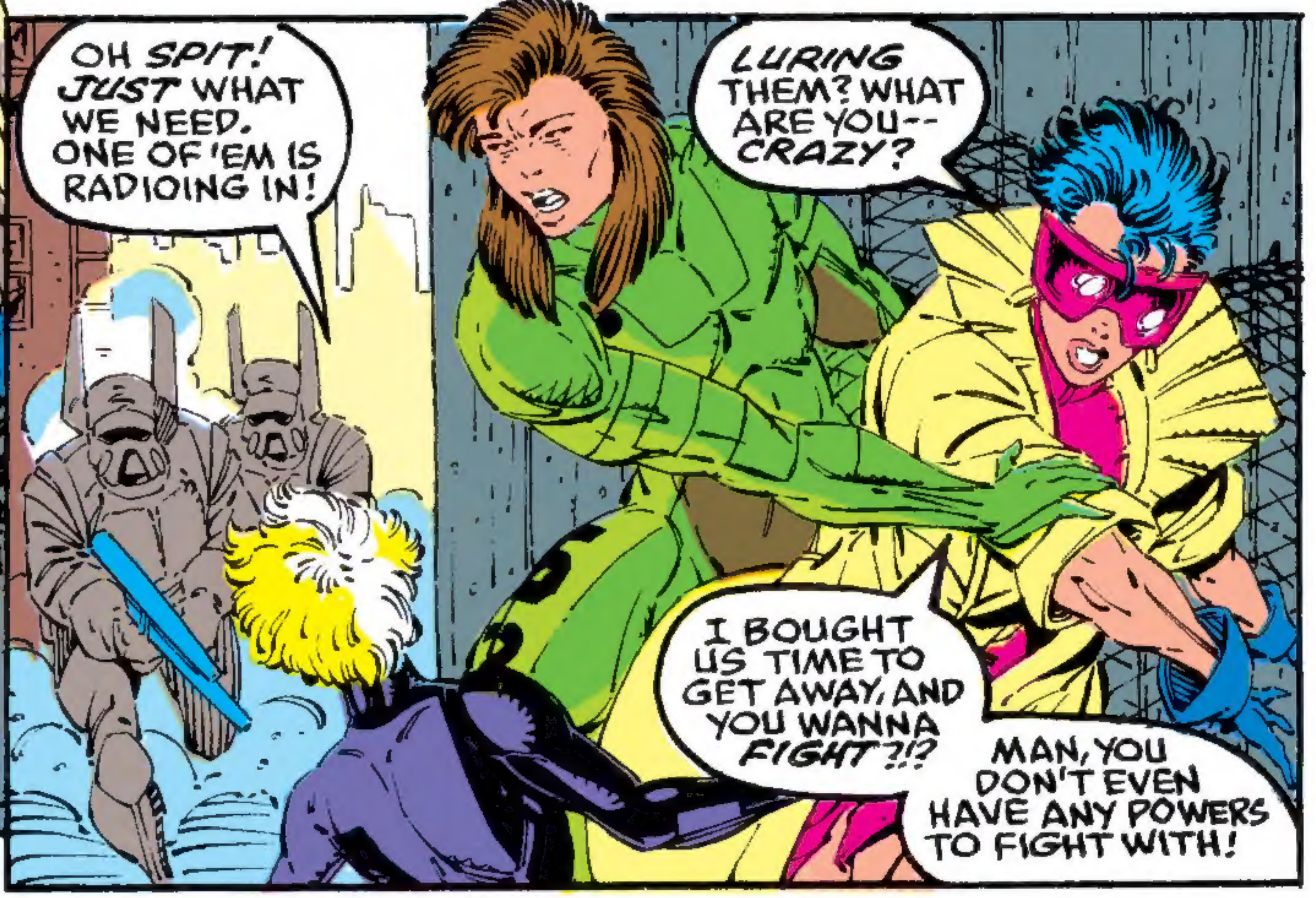
YEAH, NO MORE GRANDSTANDING-- I'M CALLING IN THE PROS!

THIS IS PATROL UNIT 567, AT THE CORNER OF...



THANKS FOR LURING 'EM TO US, JUBILEE!

HUH?

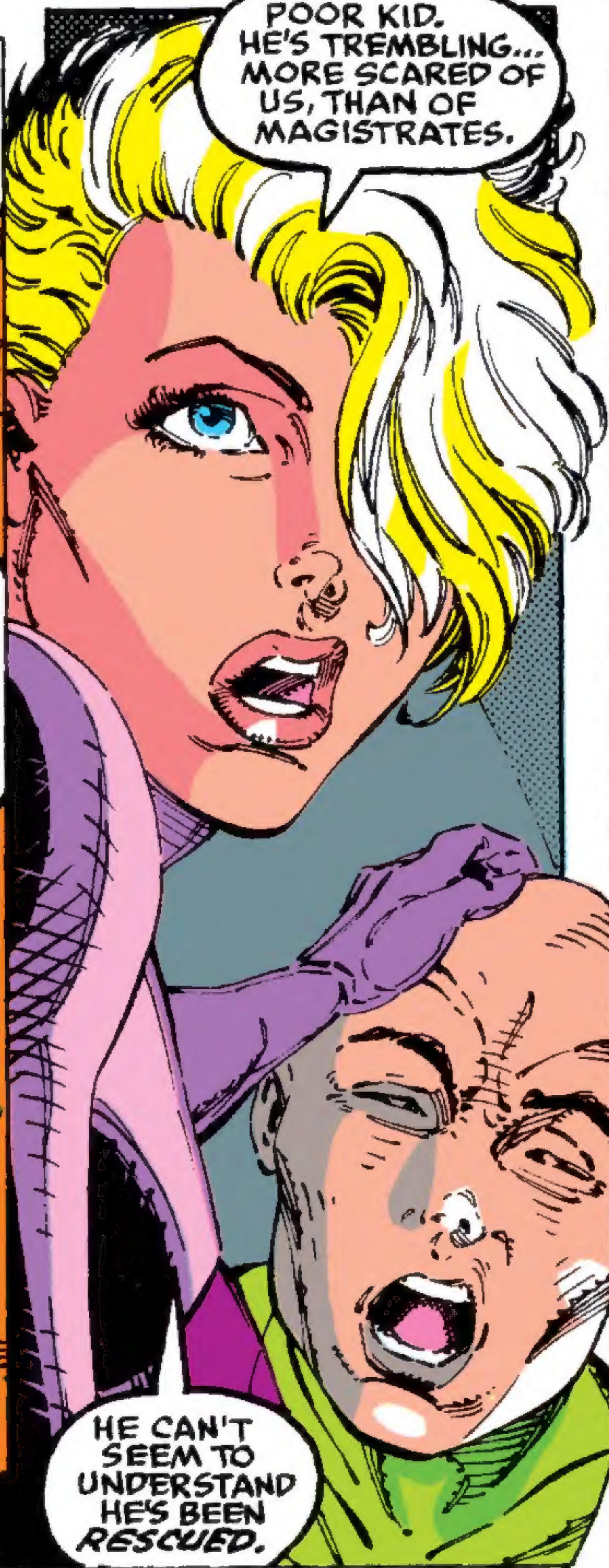
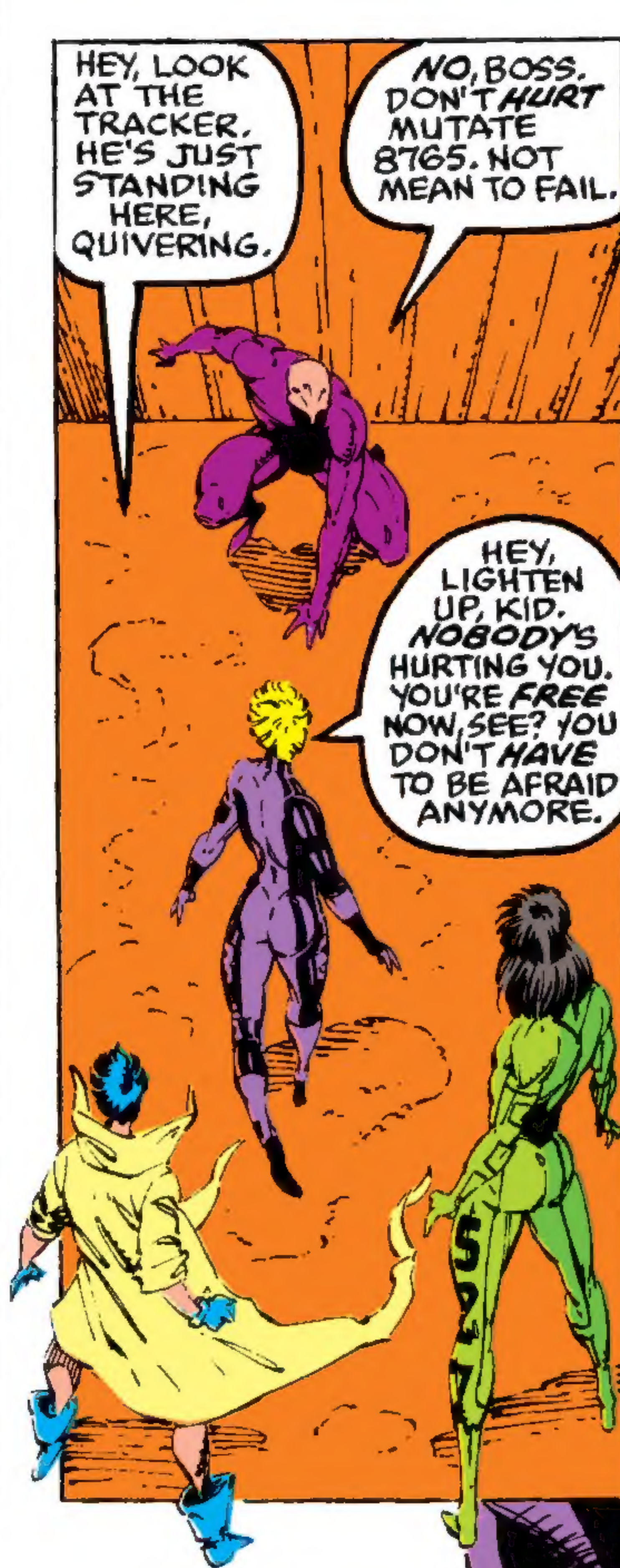
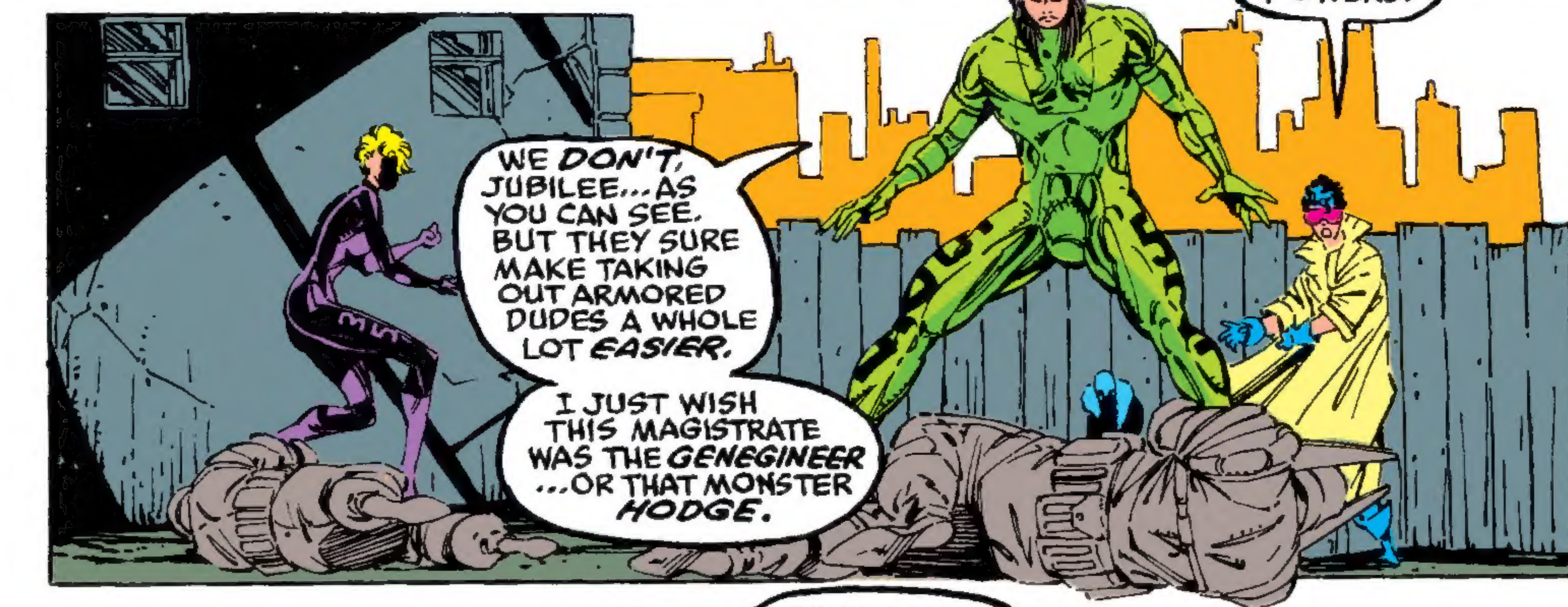


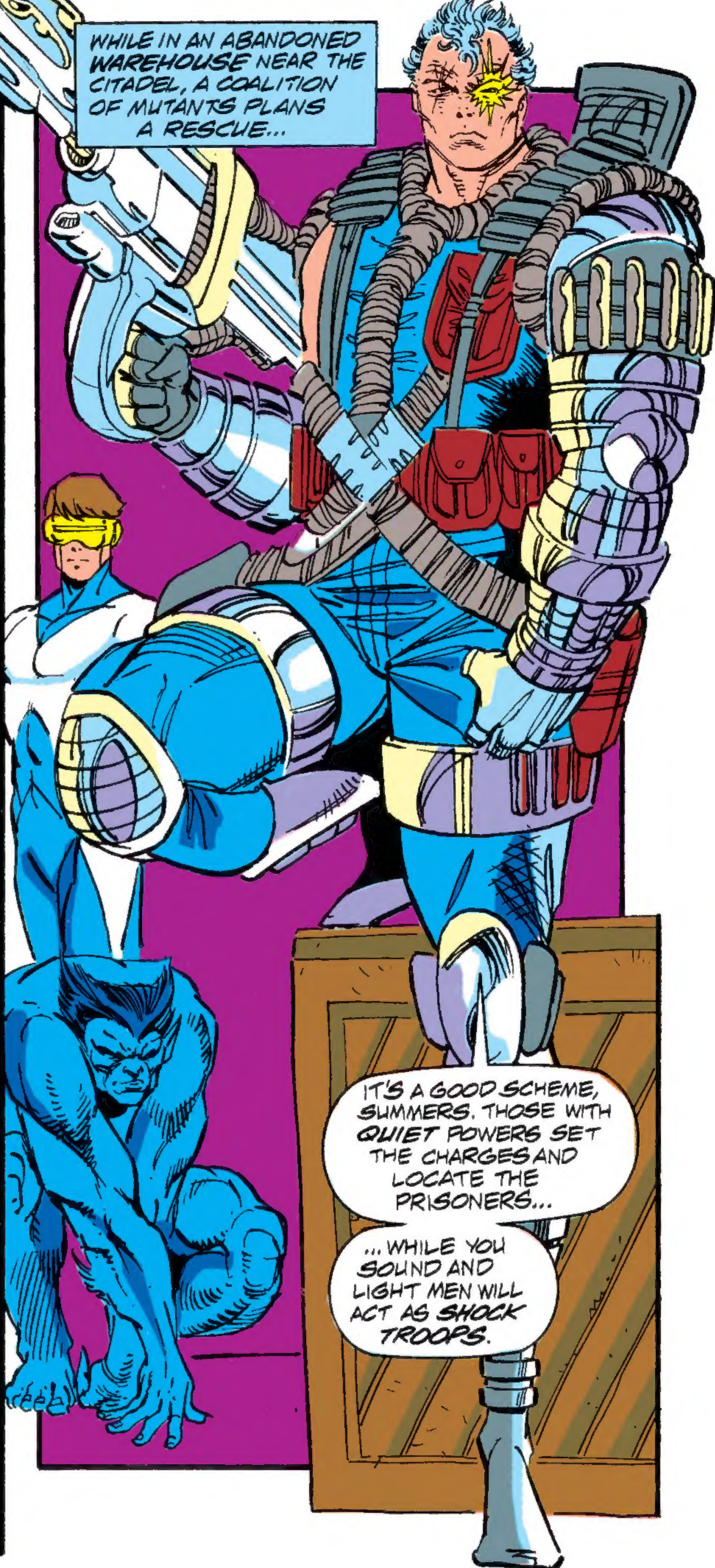
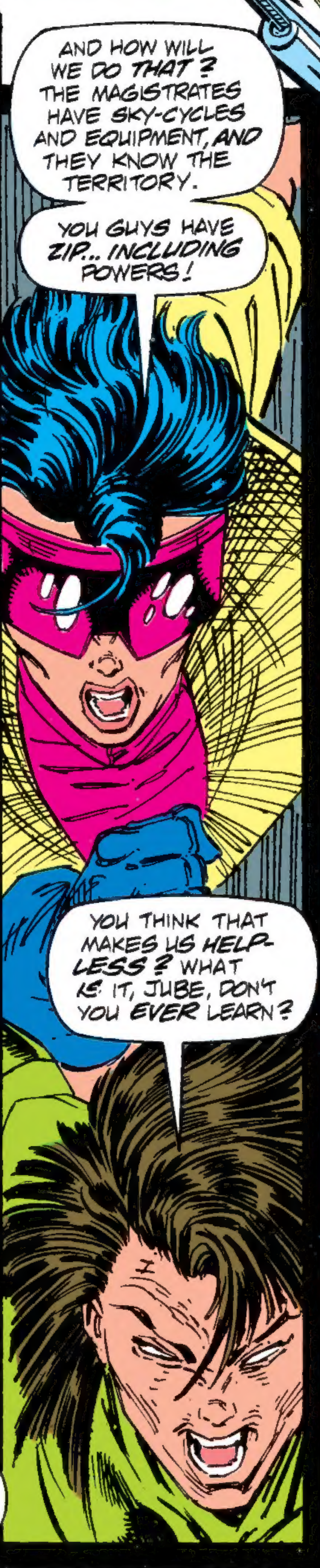
OH SPIT! JUST WHAT WE NEED. ONE OF 'EM IS RADIOING IN!

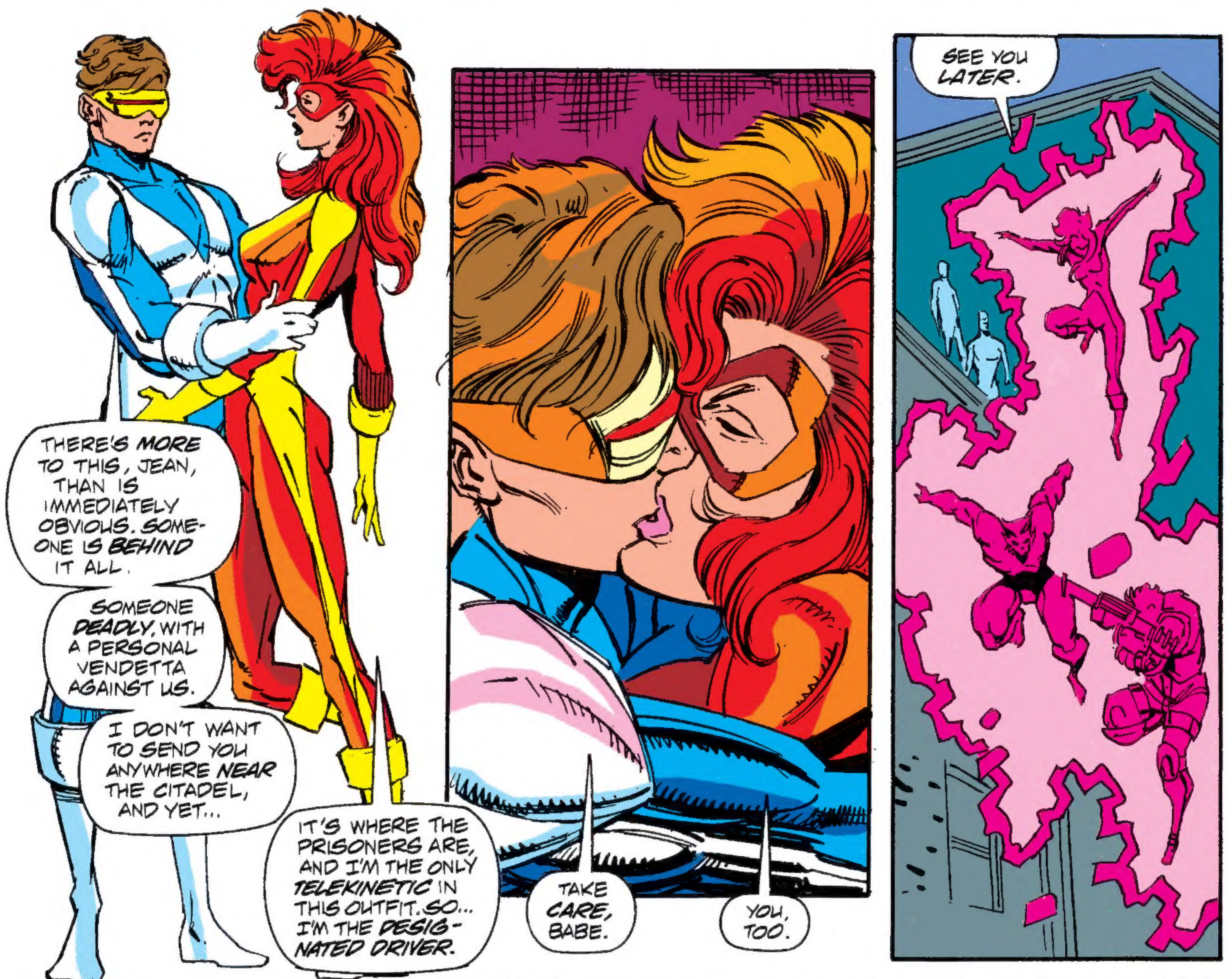
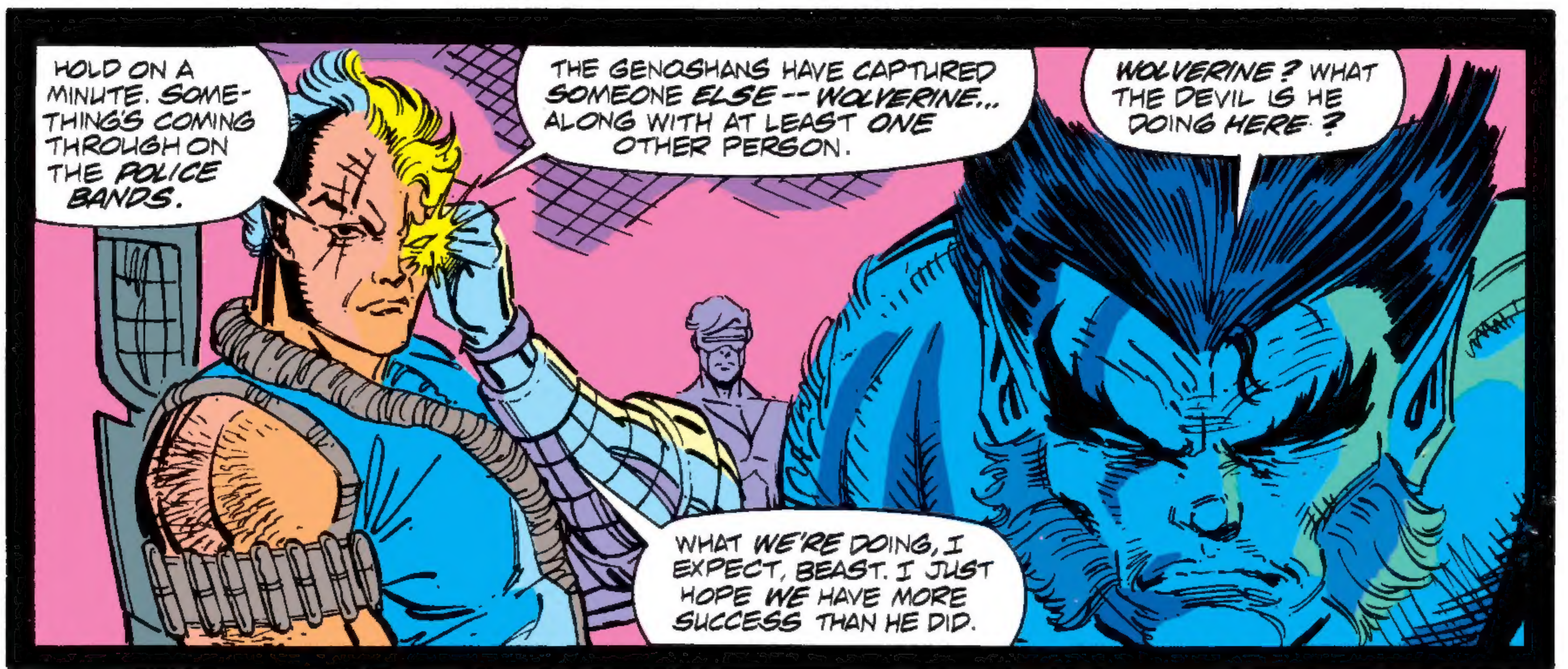
LURING THEM? WHAT ARE YOU-- CRAZY?

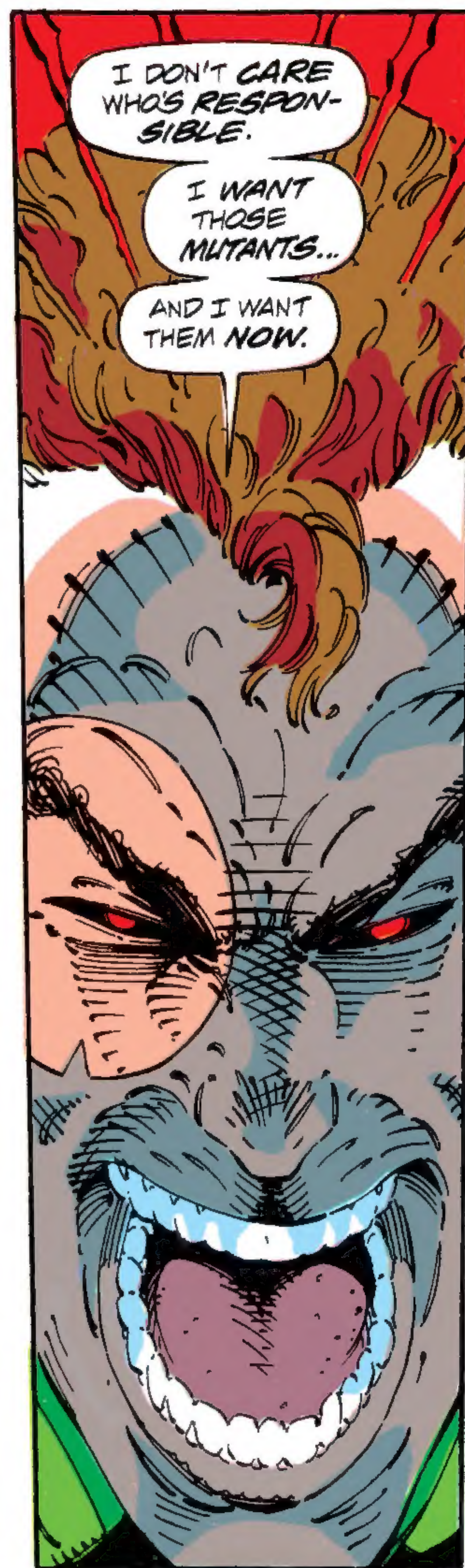
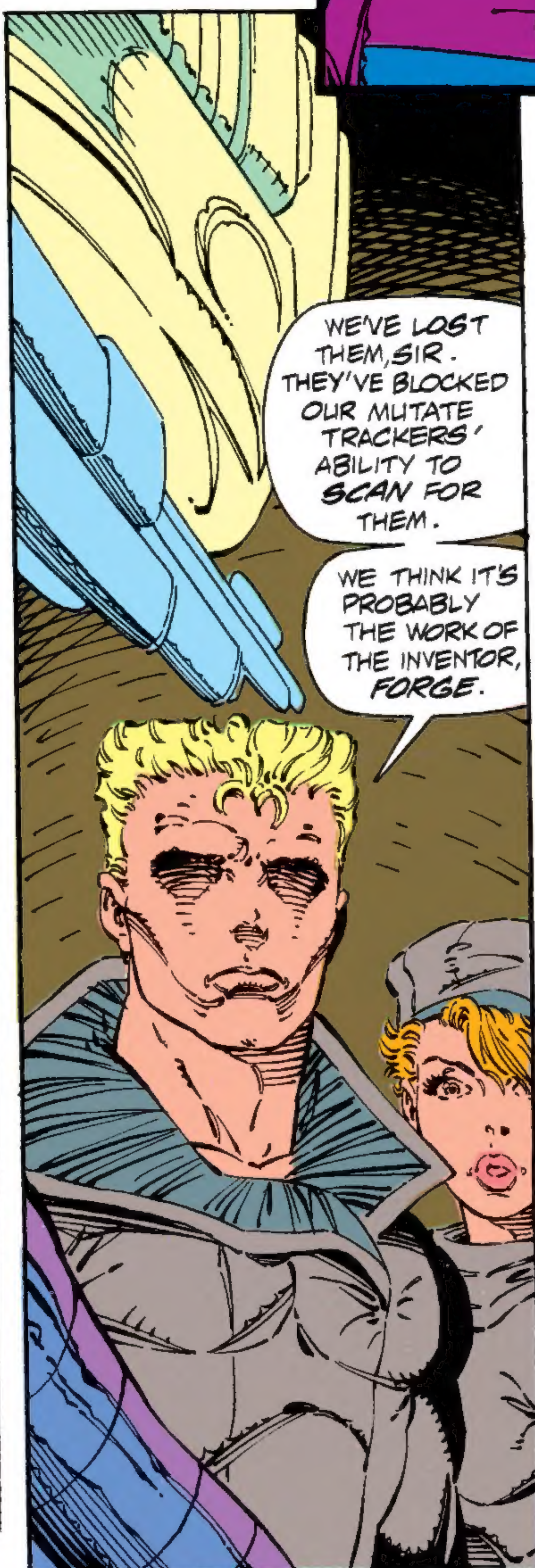
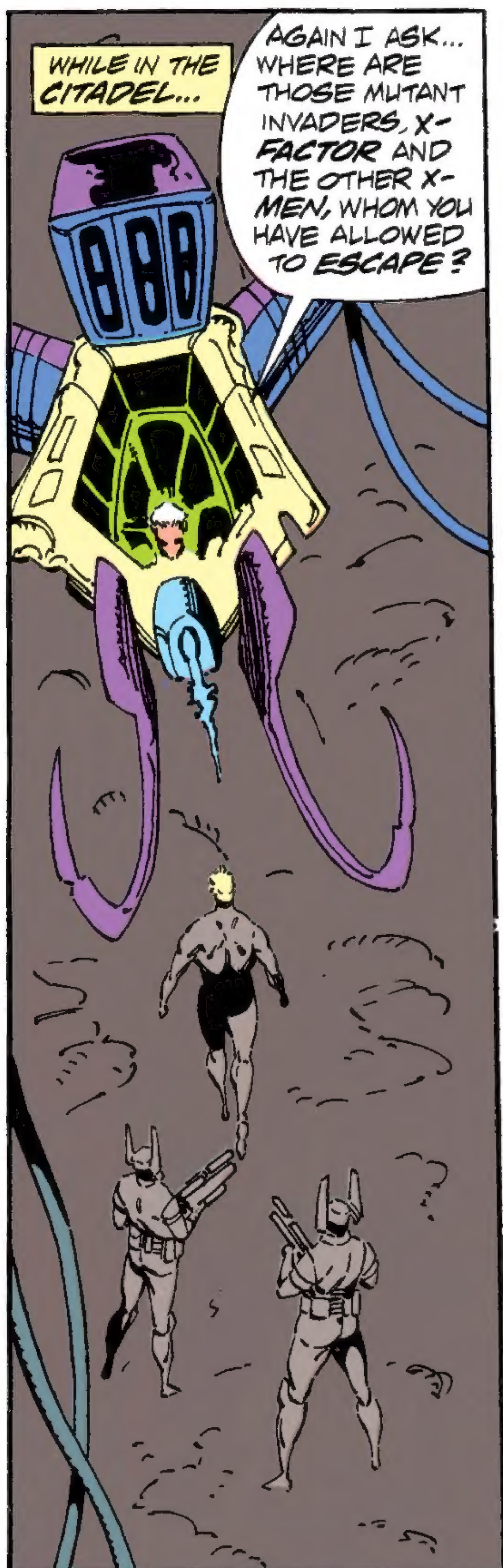
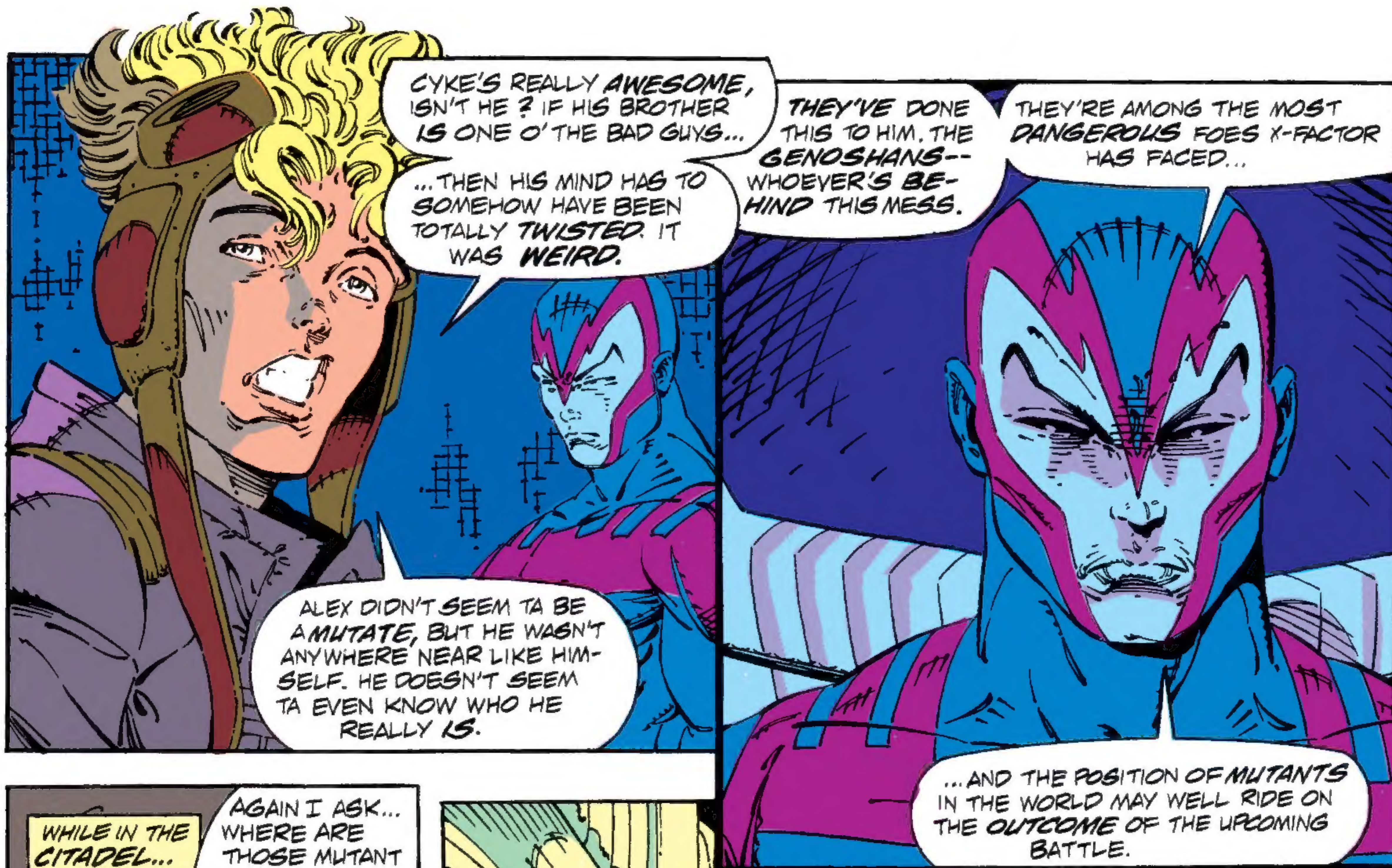
I BOUGHT US TIME TO GET AWAY, AND YOU WANNA FIGHT???

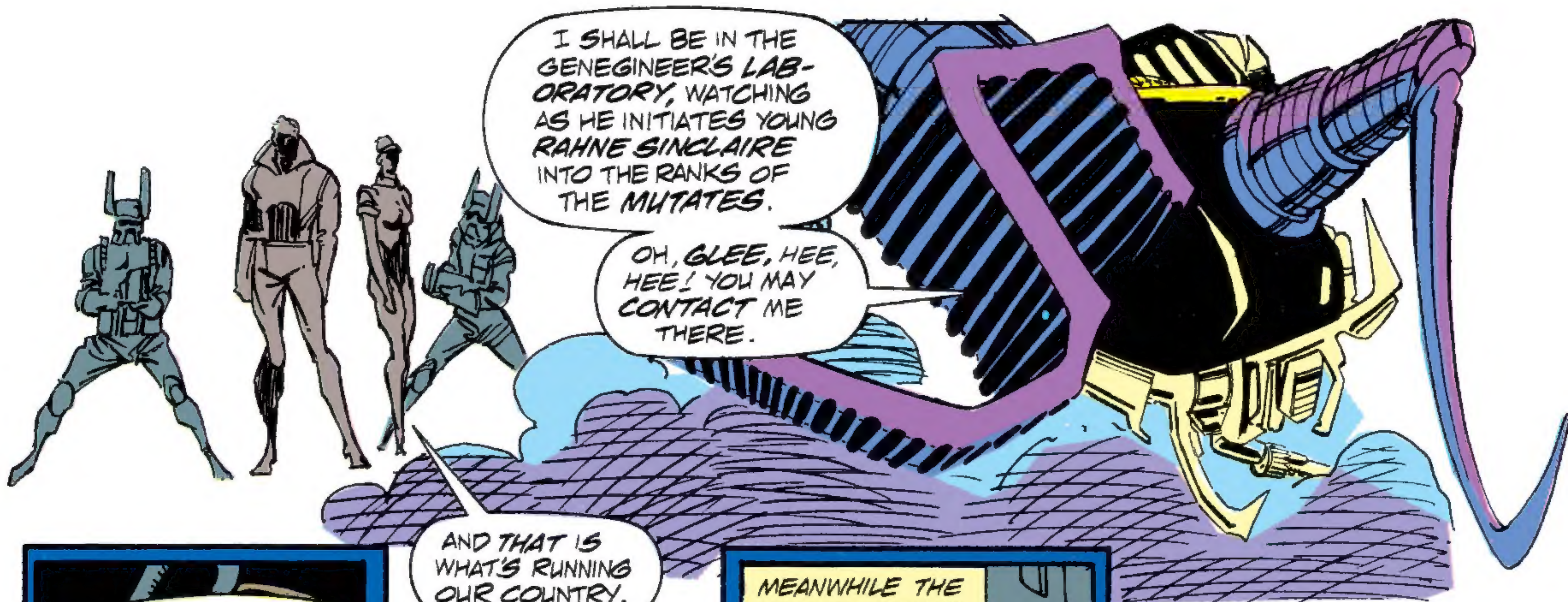
MAN, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY POWERS TO FIGHT WITH!











I SHALL BE IN THE
GENEENGINEER'S LAB-
ORATORY, WATCHING
AS HE INITIATES YOUNG
RAHNE SINCLAIRE
INTO THE RANKS OF
THE MUTATES.

OH, GLEE, HEE,
HEE! YOU MAY
CONTACT ME
THERE.

AND THAT IS
WHAT'S RUNNING
OUR COUNTRY.

HE DOESN'T
EXACTLY INSPIRE
CONFIDENCE,
DOES HE?

WHY DID MY
POWER
AFFECT HIM
SO LITTLE?
WHY DID HE
CALL ME
BROTHER?

WHAT AM I DOING
TO MYSELF WITH
ALL THESE
QUESTIONS?
I'VE BUSTED MY
BUTT GETTING TO
THIS POSITION
OF AUTHORITY...

...AND I CAN'T
LET A MUTANT
TRICKSTER
MAKE ME
QUESTION
EVERYTHING
I'VE WORKED
FOR.

THE LAST
THING HE
INSPIRES
IS CON-
FIDENCE

HEY, SUMMERS,
YOU OKAY?

SURE. IF YOU DON'T
COUNT THE HEAD-
ACHE THAT PSI-
WITCH GAVE ME.

I DON'T DARE
SAY HOW BADLY
THAT CONFRON-
TATION WITH
CYCLOPS HAS
SHAKEN ME.

MEANWHILE THE
YOUNG MUTANT,
RAHNE SINCLAIRE,
IS STRAPPED
INTO THE GENE-
ENGINEER'S
APPARATUS...

...AS YOU SEE,
HODGE, THE SUIT
IS A PROTECTIVE,
COMPLETELY SEAL-
ED, AND SELF
SUSTAINING
ENVIRONMENT.

ONCE BONDED,
IT WILL BE LIKE
A SECOND SKIN...

TALK. SO
MUCH NOISE.
IF ONLY I
COULD COVER
MY EARS. IF
ONLY I COULD
KEEP FROM
HEARING
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN NEXT...
BUT I CANNA.

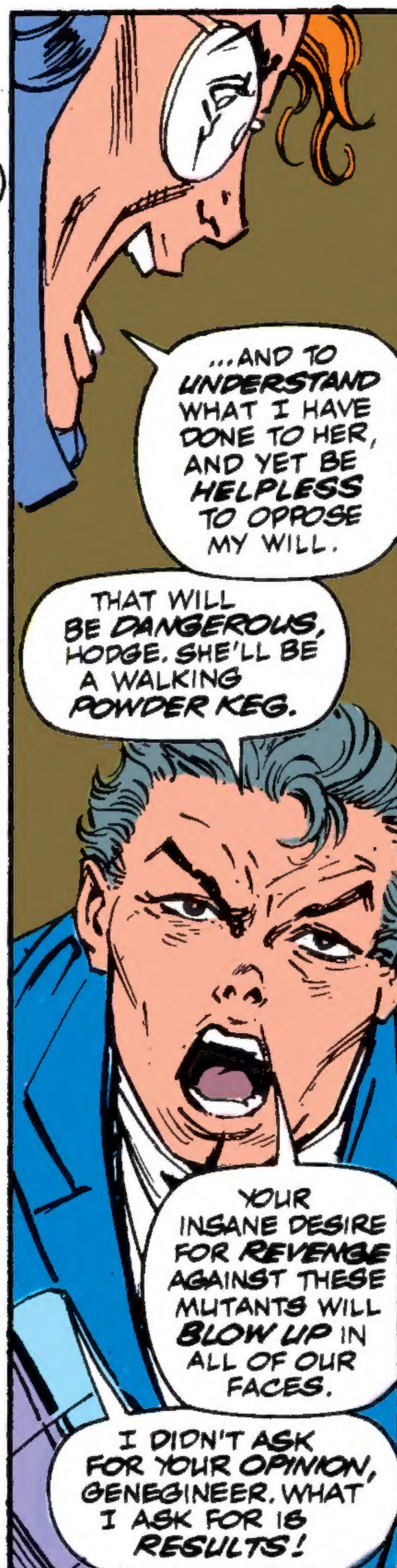
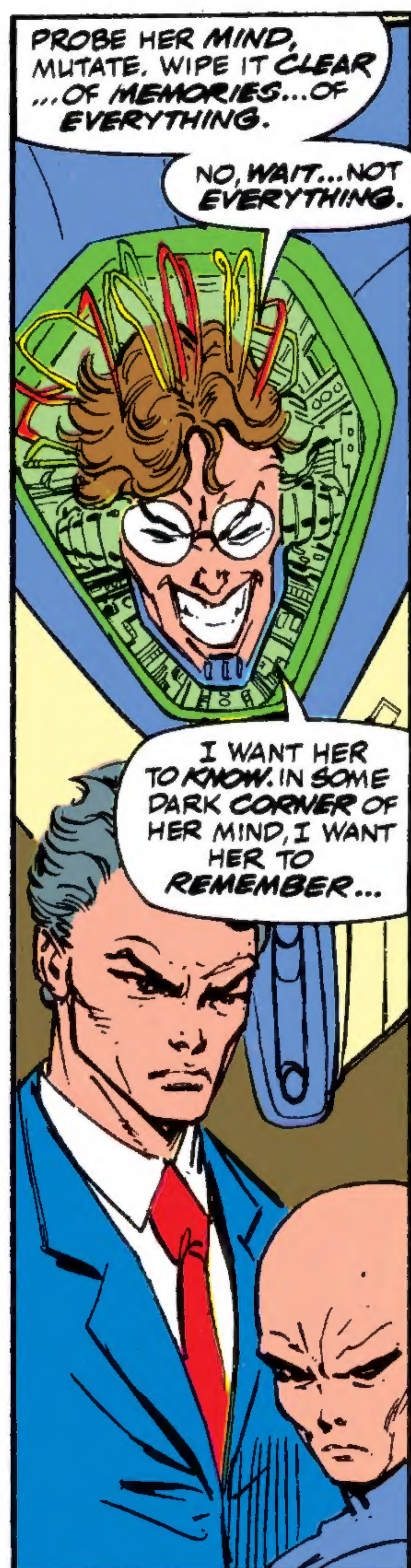
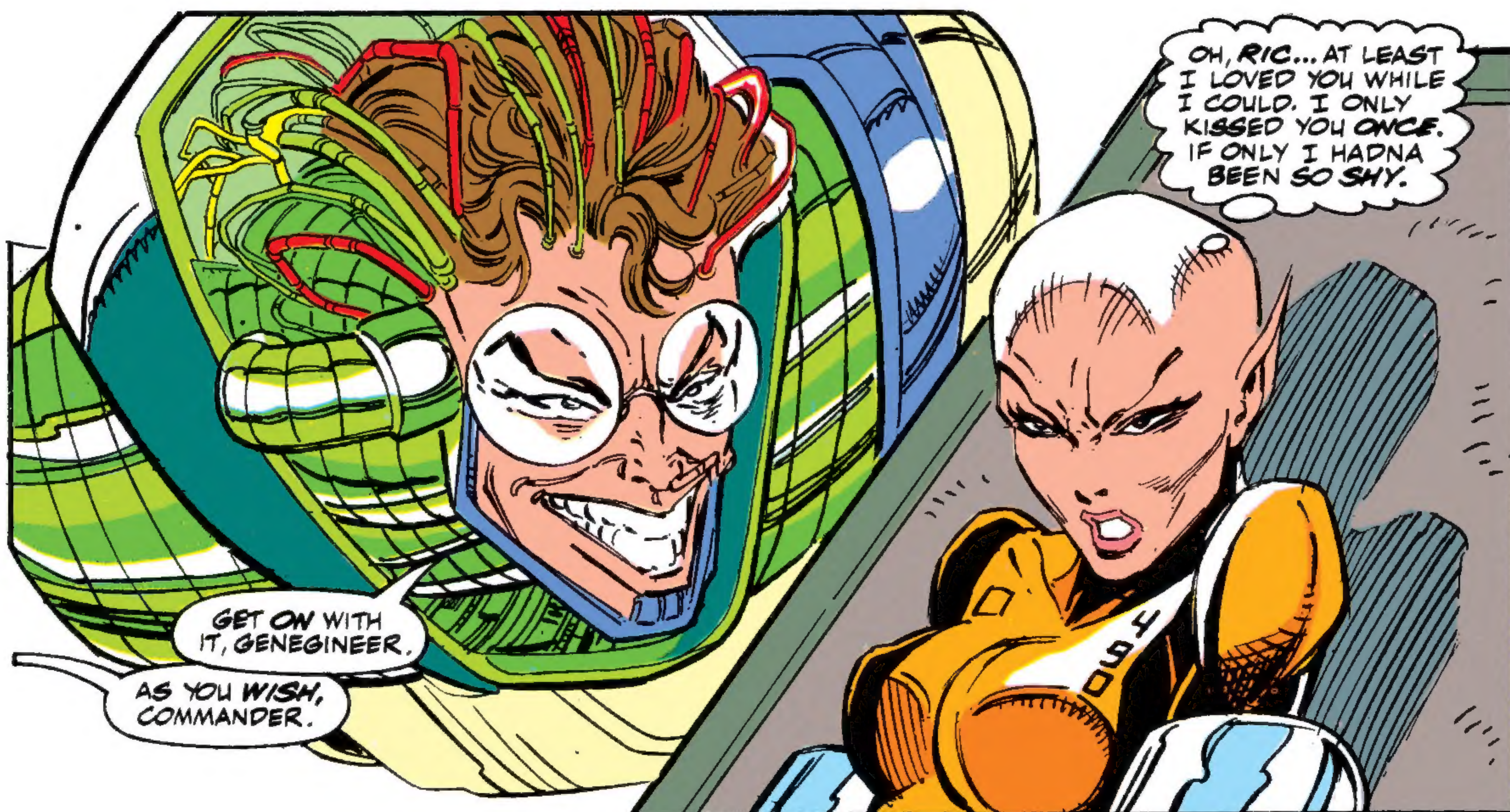
ALREADY, THEY SHAVED
MY HEAD AND REMOVED
THE GENETIC MATERIAL
WHICH THEY'LL USE TO
CREATE WHAT THEY CALL
BIOLOGICAL SYNTHESSES.

...BUT WHICH ARE REALLY
NAUGHT BUT POOR LITTLE
BALD AND WILLESS BABIES
WHO'LL NEVER KNOW A
MOTHER'S LOVE, NOR
FEEL THE WIND IN THEIR
HAIR...

...NOR THE KISS OF
SUNLIGHT ON THEIR
ARMS. AS I WILL
NEVER KNOW SUCH
THINGS AGAIN...

NEVER KNOW HAPPINESS...
NOR A HUSBAND'S DEVOTION
NOR CHILDREN OF MY OWN.
NEVER TO LIVE A NORMAL
LIFE.

TO HAVE NOTHING...
TO BE NOTHING.
TO HARDLY HAVE
A LIFE AT ALL.



MEANWHILE, IN A LESS AFFLUENT NEIGHBORHOOD, RICTOR, BOOM-BOOM, AND JUBILEE COLLAPSE AGAINST THE BACK WALL OF A RUN-DOWN TENEMENT.

WE'VE BEEN RUNNING ALL NIGHT...

PROBABLY IN CIRCLES. WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE CITADEL... BUT I THINK WE'VE FINALLY LOST THE MAGISTRATES, TOO.

I'M STARVING. ALL THAT EXERCISE, I GUESS.

YOU KNOW, IF WE COULD, LIKE, FIND AN EMPTY APARTMENT, WE COULD SCROUNGE SOME FOOD THERE.

NOT A BAD IDEA... FOR ONCE.

ALL RIGHT, TRACKER. TIME TO EARN YOUR KEEP. PICK OUT AN EMPTY APARTMENT...

...OR ONE OF MY FIRECRACKERS IS GONNA BURN YOUR TAIL!

IT IS EMPTY. I GUESS BRINGING OLD BALDY ALONG WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA, AFTER ALL.

AND SOON...

ALL RIGHT! THE APARTMENT IS EMPTY, AND THE FRIDGE IS FULL. WHAT MORE CAN WE ASK...



...EXCEPT TUNES!
LET'S SWITCH ON
MTV-- IF THEY
EVEN HAVE IT
HERE...

OH SPIT...
SOMEBODY'S
AT THE
DOOR! DUCK
...QUICK!

CLIK

RATTLE
THUNK

WHO'S
HERE?

A
MAGISTRATE.

BOOM-BOOM,
SHUT THE DOOR!
FAST!

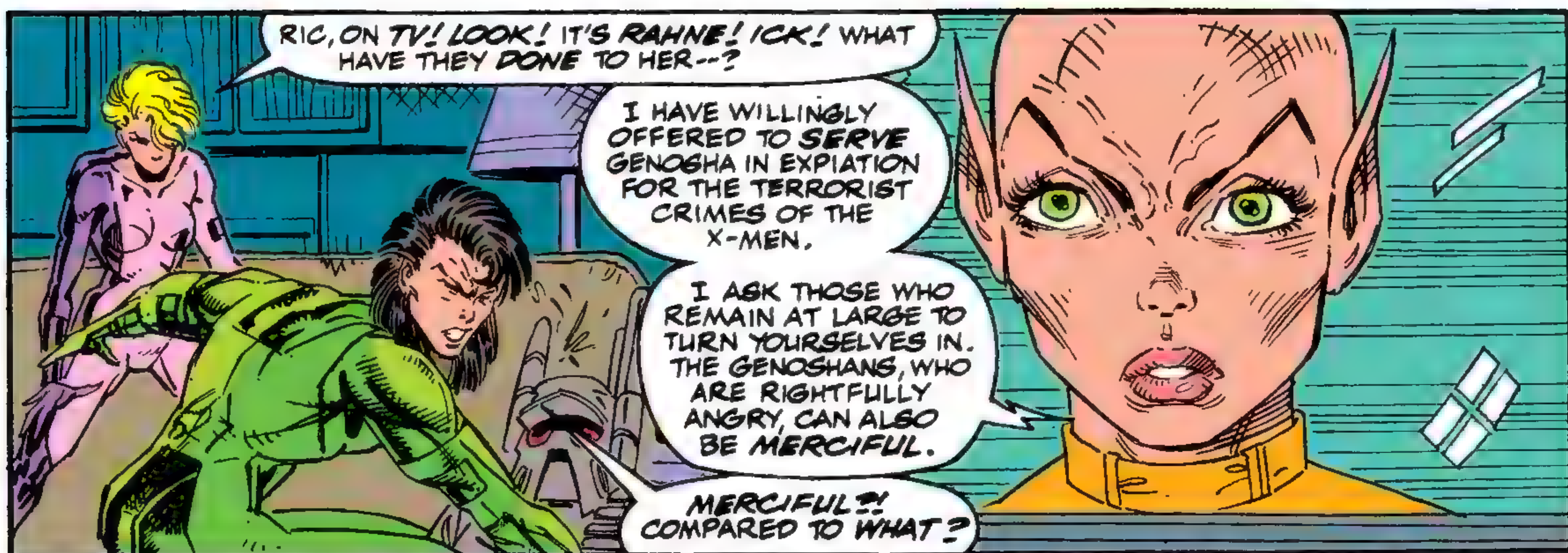
THE
MUTANTS!

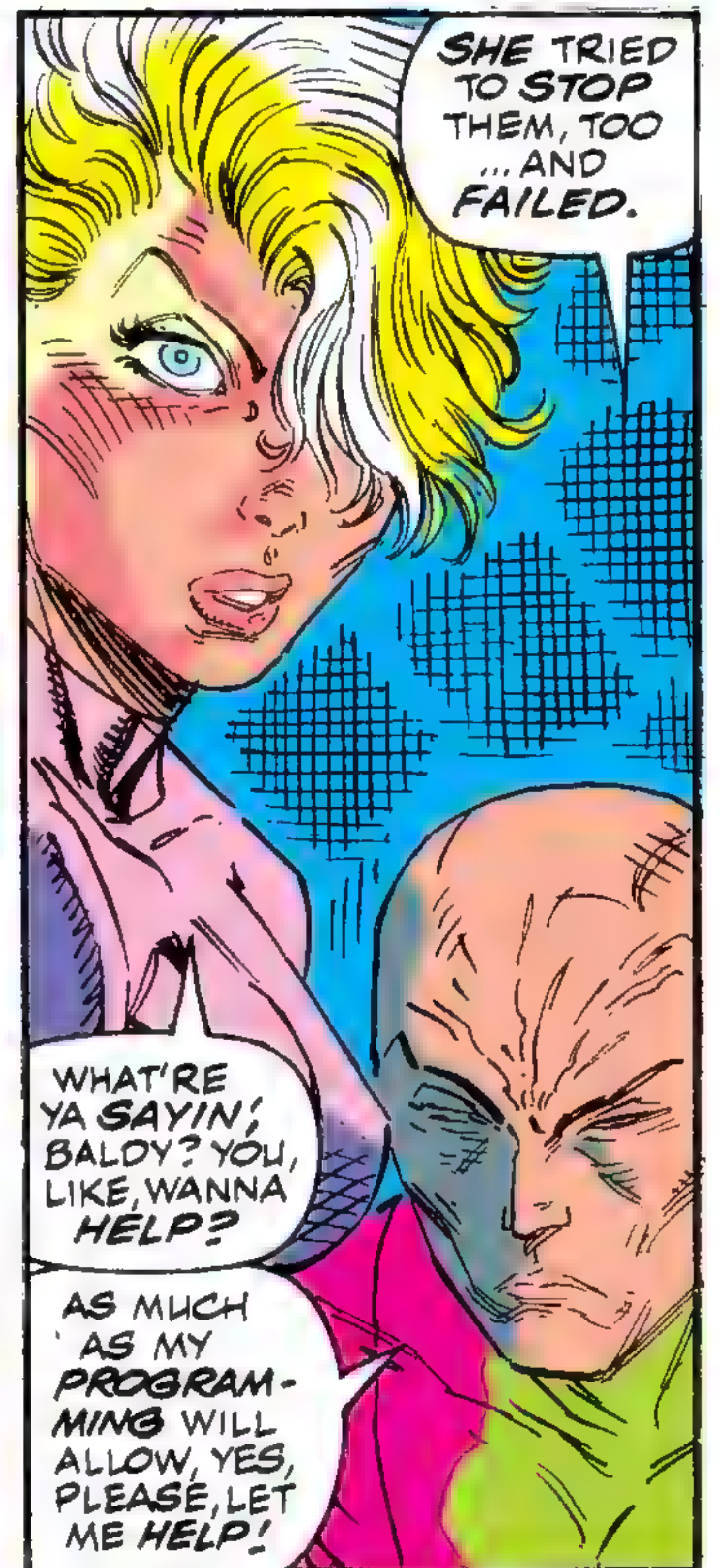
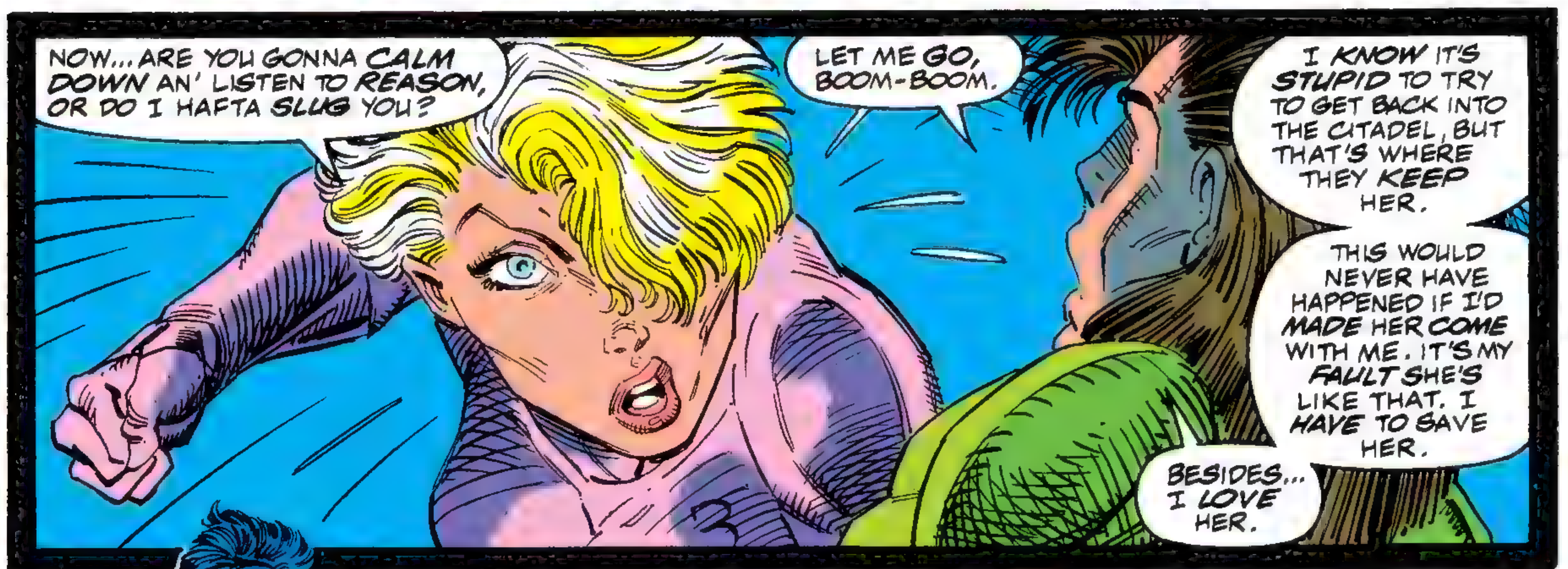
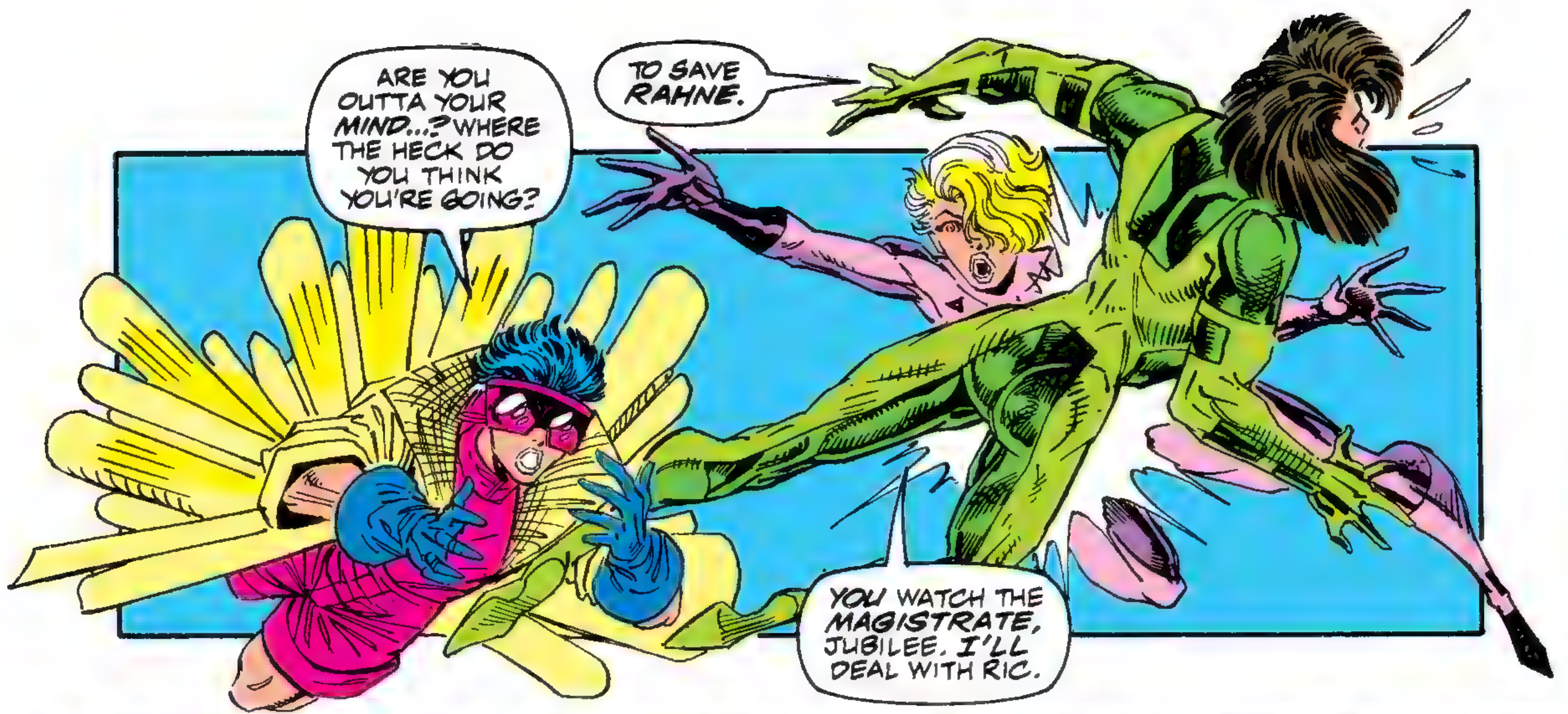
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
ANSWER ME!

IT'S MY
FLAT!

IT FIGURES.
OF ALL THE VACANT
APARTMENTS IN
THE CITY...

...WE PICK ONE
THAT BELONGS TO
A COP WORKING
THE NIGHT-
SHIFT.





MEANWHILE, MARVEL GIRL HOVERS TELEKINETICALLY LIFTING CABLE, FORGE, GAMBIT AND SUNSPOT TO THEIR POSITIONS AROUND THE CITADEL...

THAT'S ONE MORE BOMB DOWN. WE GOTTA BE OUTTA OUR MINDS, TAKING ON AN ENTIRE COUNTRY. NOT THAT WE GOT A CHOICE.

HOPE THE SCRAMBLER GIZMOS THAT FORGE WORKED OUT KEEP US UNDETECTED...

... AT LEAST TILL WE GET THE JOB DONE.

HOW'S IT GOING, 'BERTO?

ONE MORE TO GO, SIR, SCHEDULED FOR THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE...

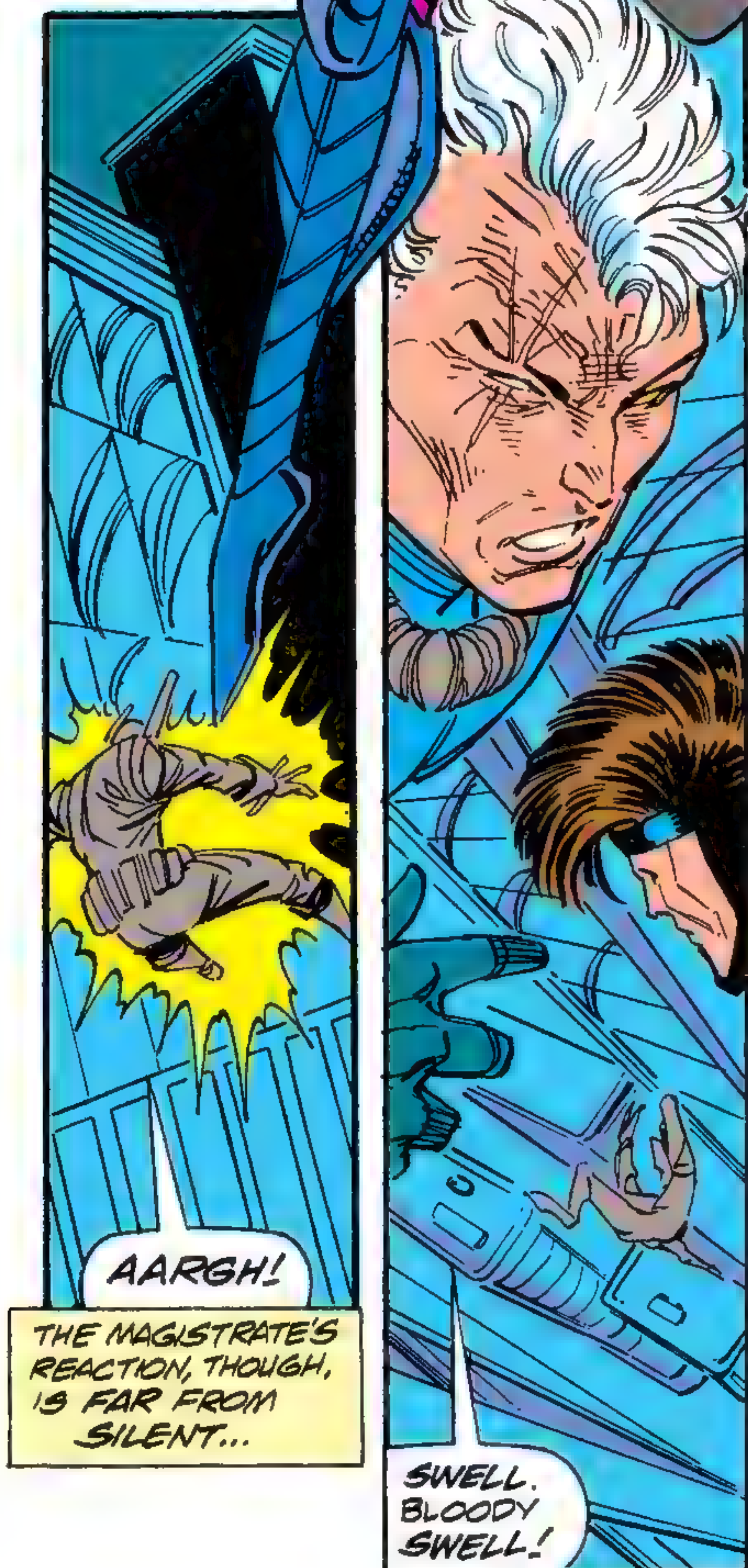
TAKE ME A FEW MINUTES TO SET IT AND THEN--

SUNSPOT! OUT OF THE WAY, KID. GUARD COMIN' ONTO THE BALCONY!



IN MIDAIR, THE BOMB CASING THAT GAMBIT HURLS, TRANSFORMS...

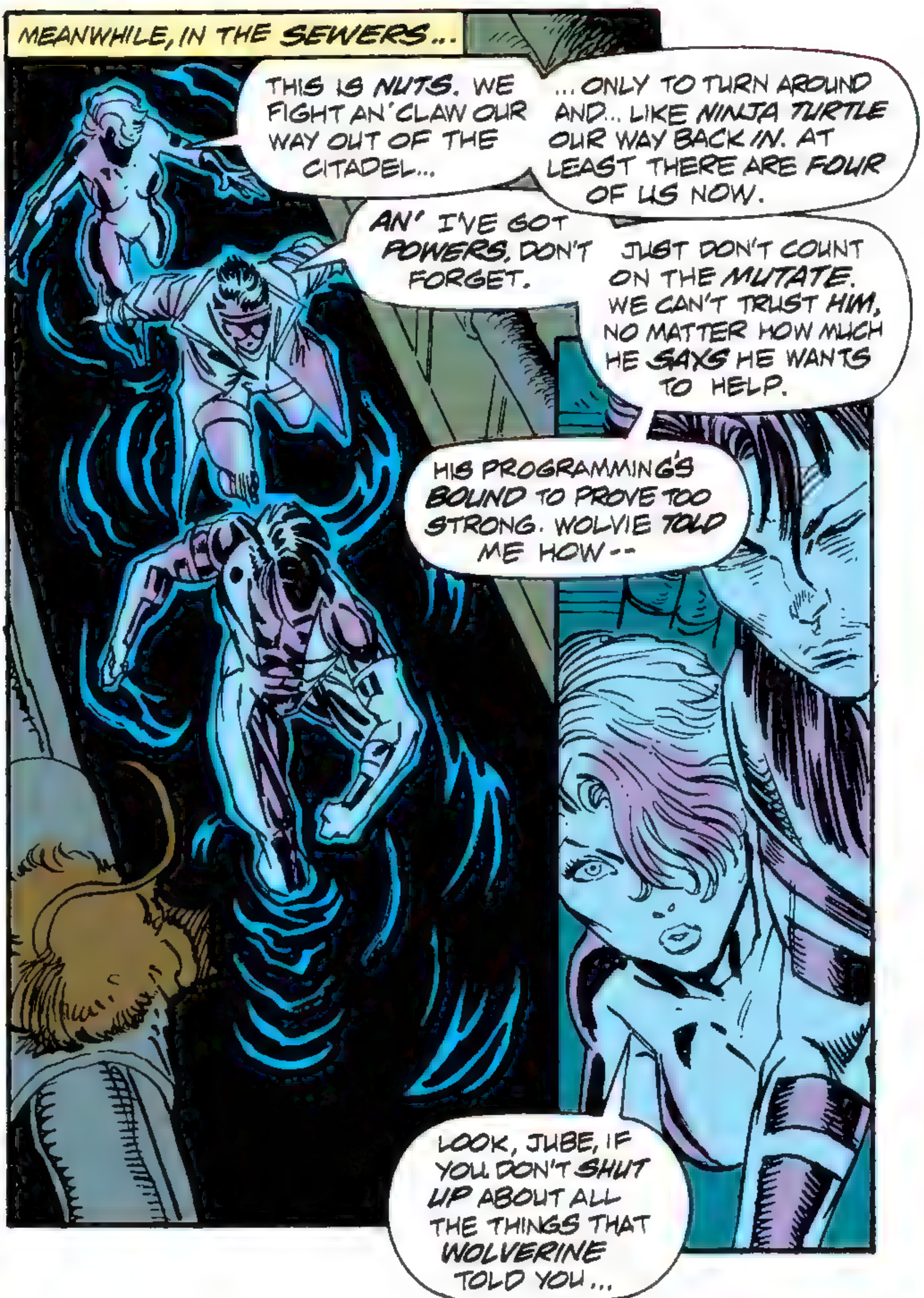
... TO RELEASE ITS STORED UP ENERGY WITH A FLASH OF SILENT IMPACT.



AARGH!

THE MAGISTRATE'S REACTION, THOUGH, IS FAR FROM SILENT...

SWELL. BLOODY SWELL!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SEWERS...

THIS IS NUTS. WE FIGHT AN' CLAW OUR WAY OUT OF THE CITADEL...

... ONLY TO TURN AROUND AND... LIKE NINJA TURTLE OUR WAY BACK IN. AT LEAST THERE ARE FOUR OF US NOW.

AN' I'VE GOT POWERS, DON'T FORGET.

JUST DON'T COUNT ON THE MUTATE. WE CAN'T TRUST HIM, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE SAYS HE WANTS TO HELP.

HIS PROGRAMMING'S BOUND TO PROVE TOO STRONG. WOLVIE TOLD ME HOW --

LOOK, JUBE, IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP ABOUT ALL THE THINGS THAT WOLVERINE TOLD YOU...



...I'LL DROWN YOU IN THIS GLOP, I SWEAR I WILL.

END OF THE LINE, FOLKS. EVERYBODY OUT.

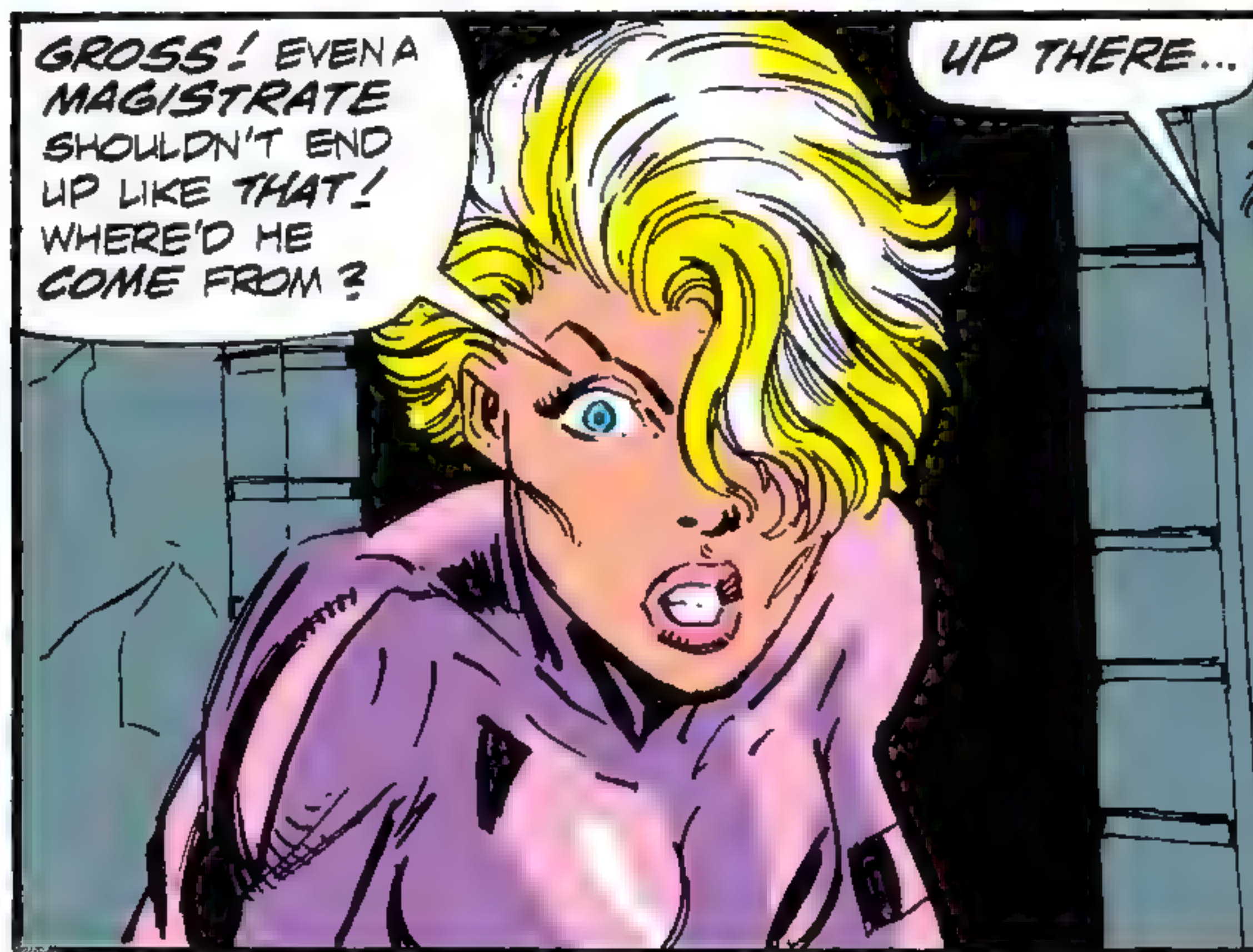


PLEASE, MISTRESS BOOM-BOOM. JUBE RIGHT. IN CITADEL COURTYARD... CAN FEEL PULL OF PROGRAMMING.

LEAVE ME. RUN AWAY. THEY WILL GIVE ORDERS AND I WILL BETRAY YOU.

NO, YOU WON'T -- YOU'RE STRONGER THAN YOU KNOW--

WATCH IT... SOMETHING'S FALLING!



GROSS! EVEN A MAGISTRATE SHOULDN'T END UP LIKE THAT! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

UP THERE...



IF THE SOUND OF HIS LANDING DIDN'T ALERT FOLKS, HIS SCREAM WILL. I'D SAY THAT'S OUR SIGNAL TO VAMOOSE.

THAT VOICE! IT'S CABLE!



SEE, I WAS RIGHT! I SAID WE'D FIND X-FACTOR AT THE CENTER OF THE ACTION.

AND I SAID THE STUPID MUTATE WOULD BOLT AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE!



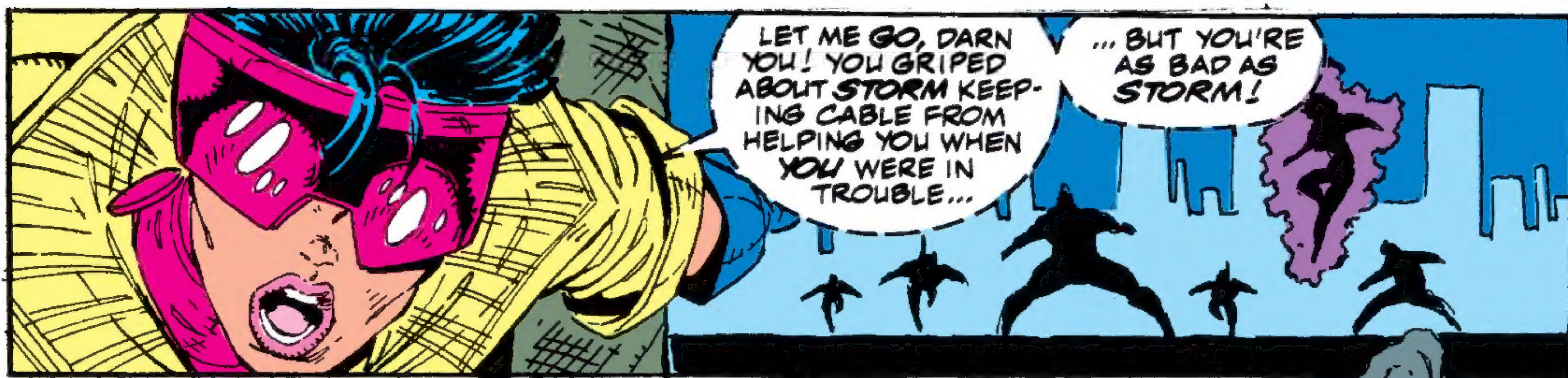
OH... WHO CARES. WE CAN JOIN UP WITH X-FACTOR AND--



KEEP BACK! GUARDS!

KEEP BACK? WHY? I'VE GOT POWERS.

AND THEY HAVE A GUY WHO CAN STEAL POWERS, JUST THE WAY HE STOLE OURS!



LET ME GO, DARN YOU! YOU GRIPED ABOUT STORM KEEPING CABLE FROM HELPING YOU WHEN YOU WERE IN TROUBLE...

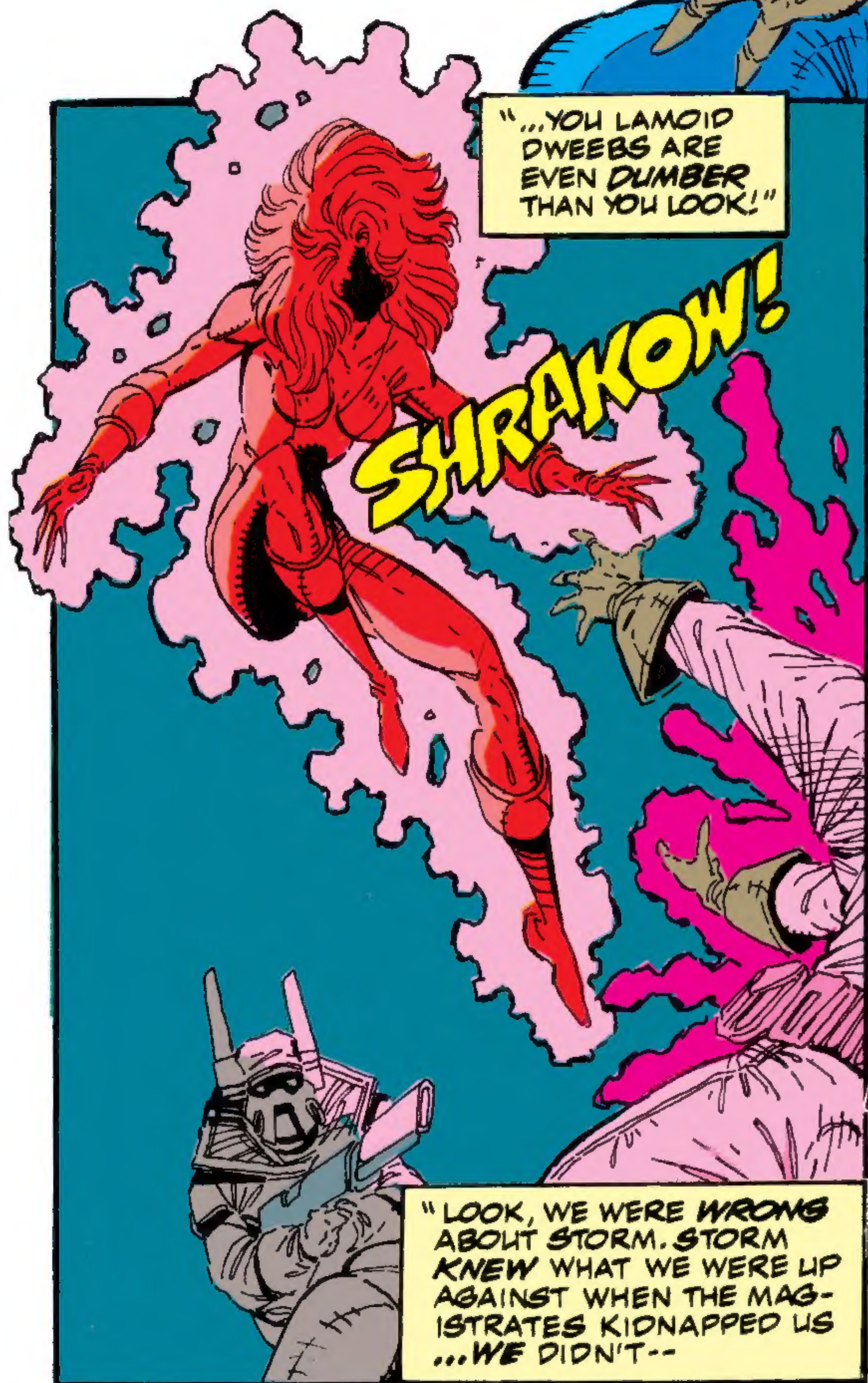
... BUT YOU'RE AS BAD AS STORM!



"MAGISTRATES, ON SCOOTERS-- WHO HAVE OUR GUYS OUTNUMBERED A ZILLION TO ONE..."

"... ARE FORCING CABLE AND THE X-GUYS DOWN INTO THE COURTYARD..."

"... AND IF YOU THINK I'M HIDING HERE WHEN I COULD BE HELPING..."



"... YOU LAMOID DWEBBS ARE EVEN DUMBER THAN YOU LOOK!"

SHRAKOW!

"LOOK, WE WERE WRONG ABOUT STORM. STORM KNEW WHAT WE WERE UP AGAINST WHEN THE MAGISTRATES KIDNAPPED US ... WE DIDN'T--"



"-- AND STORM WAS RIGHT TO TRY AND PROTECT THE OTHERS. LIKE WE'RE TRYING TO PROTECT YOU!"

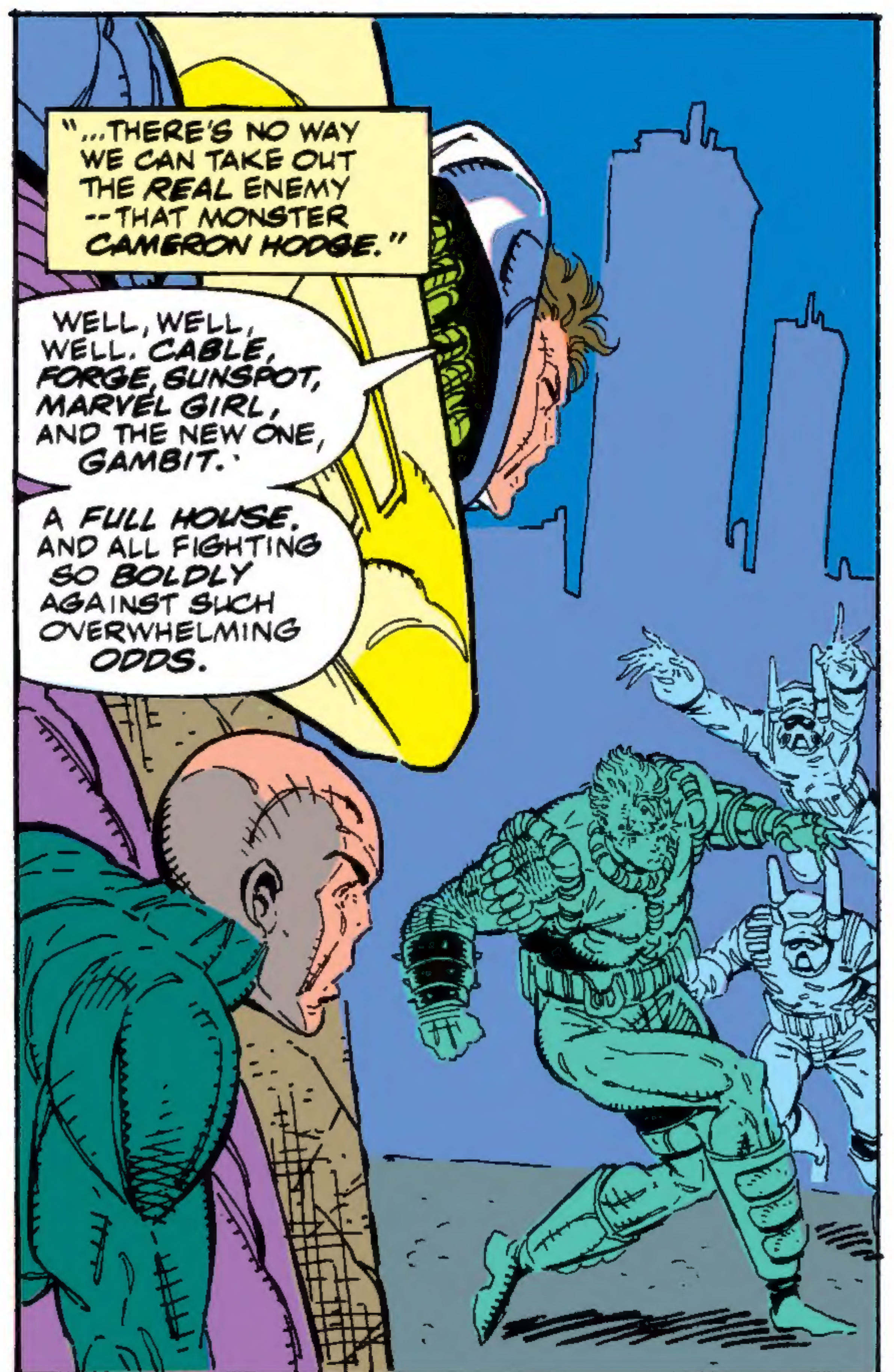
BLAM!

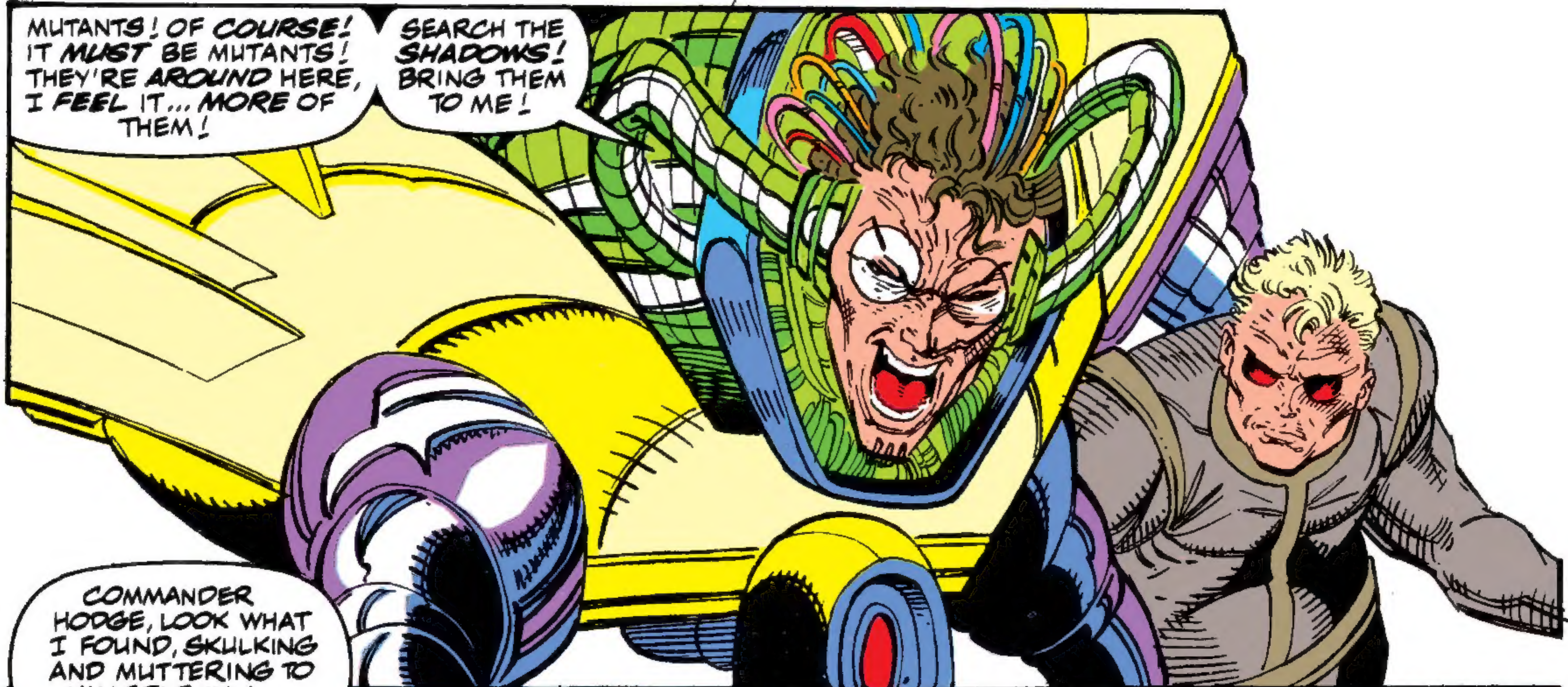


"THERE'S NO POINT IN THROWING AWAY LIVES WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A PRAYER OF SUCCESS."

POW!

"SAYS YOU, BOOM-BOOM! WE'VE TROUNCED THESE MAGISTRATE TYPES BEFORE. I KNOW WE CAN BEAT THESE, TOO!"





MUTANTS! OF COURSE!
IT *MUST* BE MUTANTS!
THEY'RE AROUND HERE,
I FEEL IT... MORE OF
THEM!

SEARCH THE
SHADOWS!
BRING THEM
TO ME!

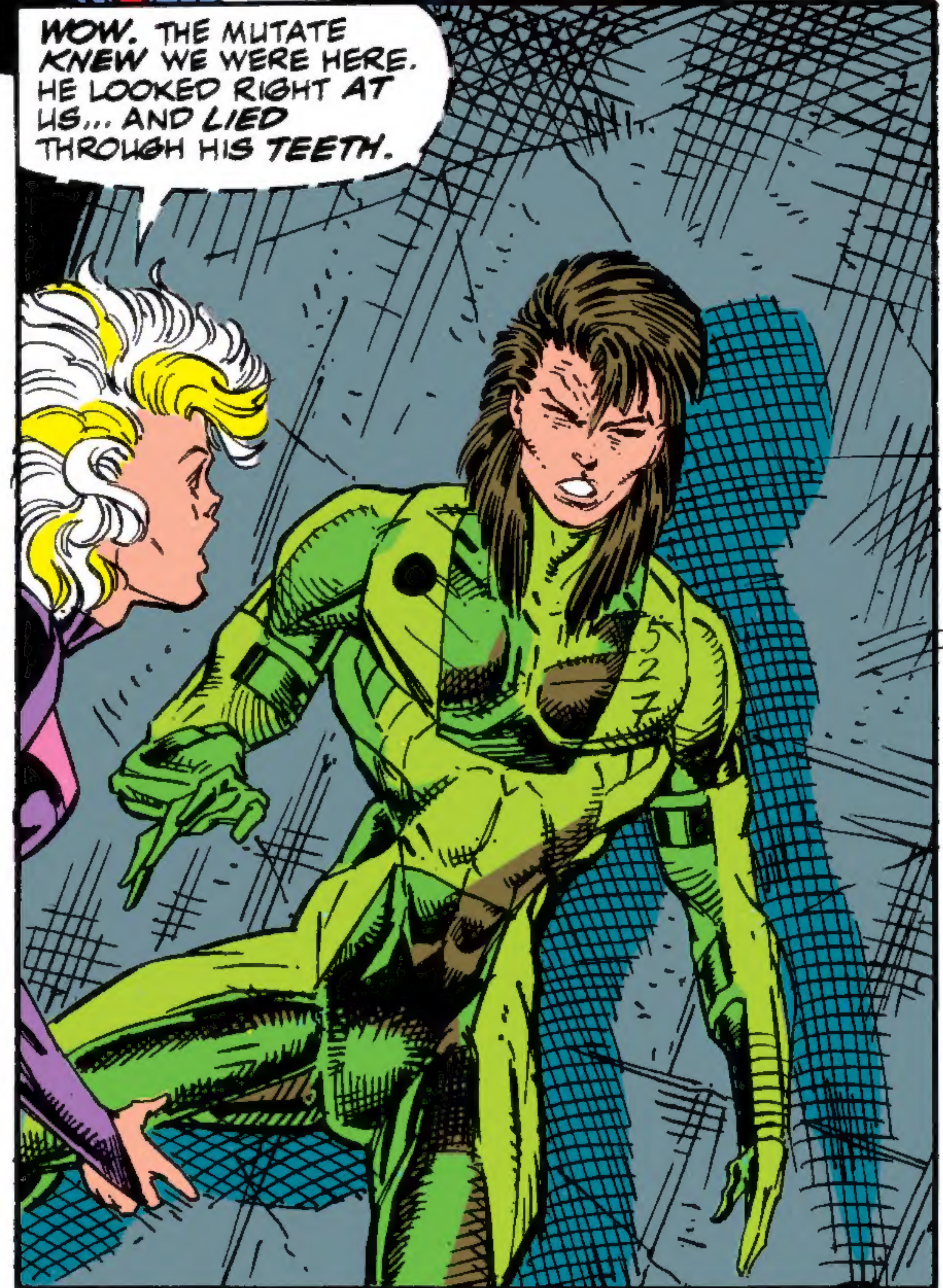
COMMANDER
HODGE, LOOK WHAT
I FOUND, SKULKING
AND MUTTERING TO
HIMSELF IN A
CORNER OF THE
COURTYARD!

A MUTATE?!?

YES, BOSS. IT
ME. I TALK... TO
SELF ONLY, BOSS.
CONGRATULATE
SELF.

SEE ENEMY
ATTACK...

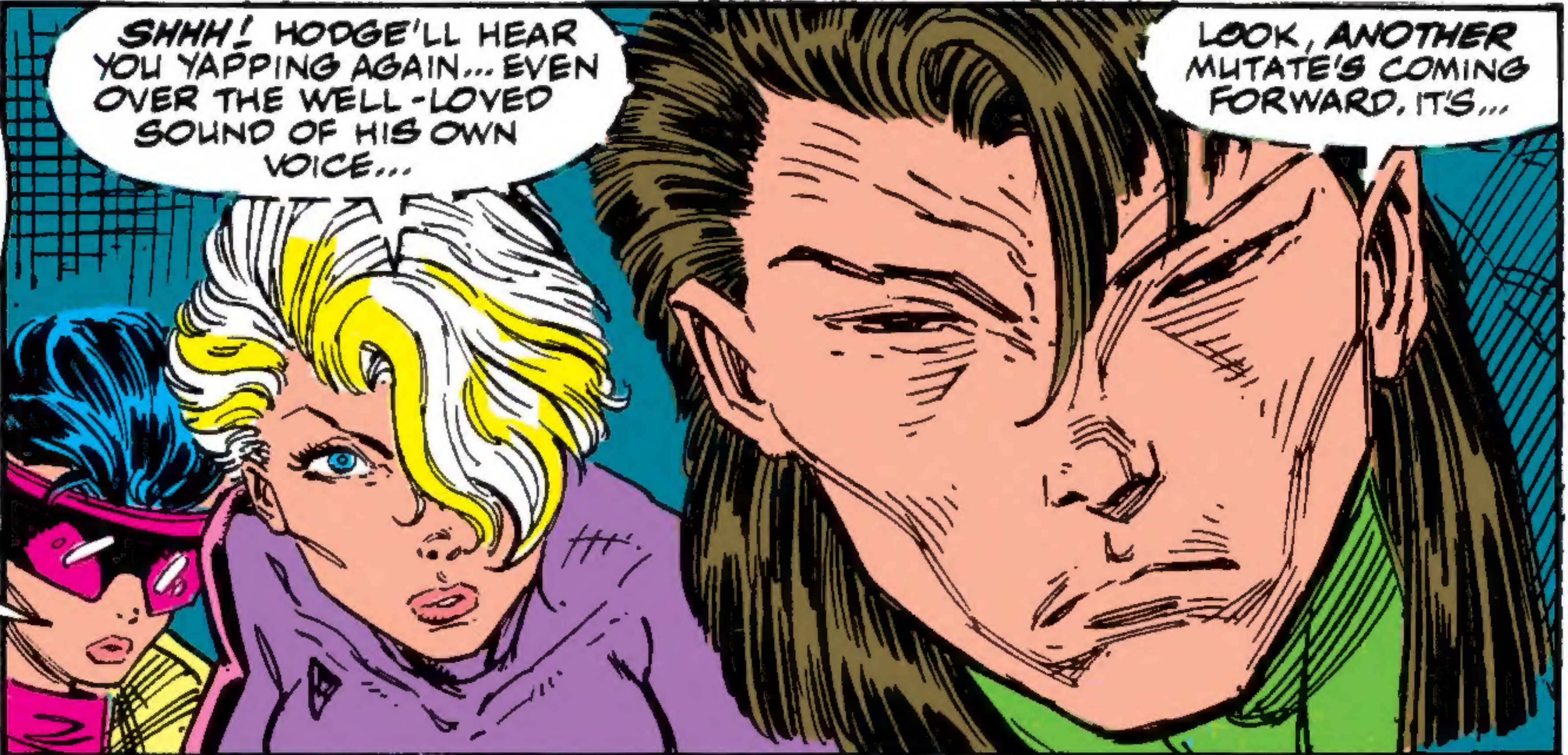
...AND I GIVE
GREAT SHOUT AND
RAISE ALARM THAT
LEADS YOU HERE!
I SAVE ALL OF
CITADEL.



WOW. THE MUTATE
KNEW WE WERE HERE.
HE LOOKED RIGHT AT
US... AND LIED
THROUGH HIS TEETH.

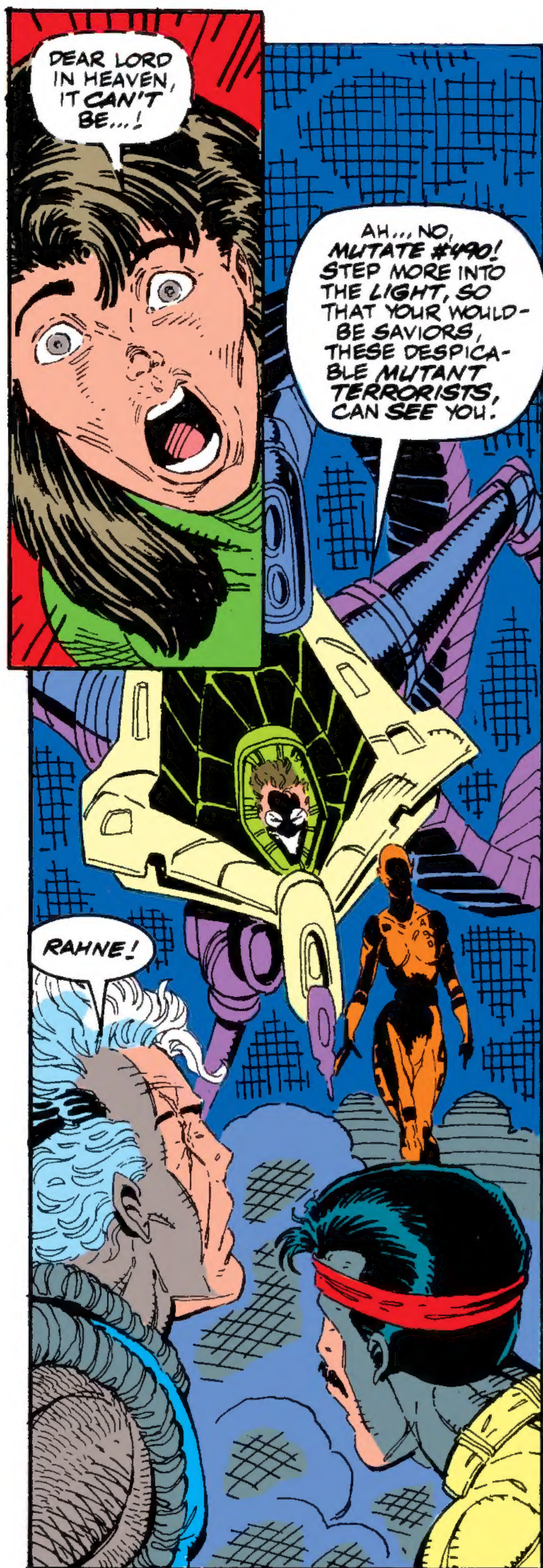
AND THEY'LL
BELIEVE HIM,
'CAUSE EVERYBODY
KNOWS MUTATES
CAN'T LIE. HA!
EVEN FACED WITH
THAT MONSTROS-
ITY, HODGE,
HE DIDN'T
BETRAY US.

MAN! IF THAT
THING IS WHAT
WOLVERINE AND
PSYLOCKE WENT
UP AGAINST... NO
WONDER THEY
WERE CAPTURED.



SHHH! HODGE'LL HEAR
YOU YAPPING AGAIN... EVEN
OVER THE WELL-LOVED
SOUND OF HIS OWN
VOICE...

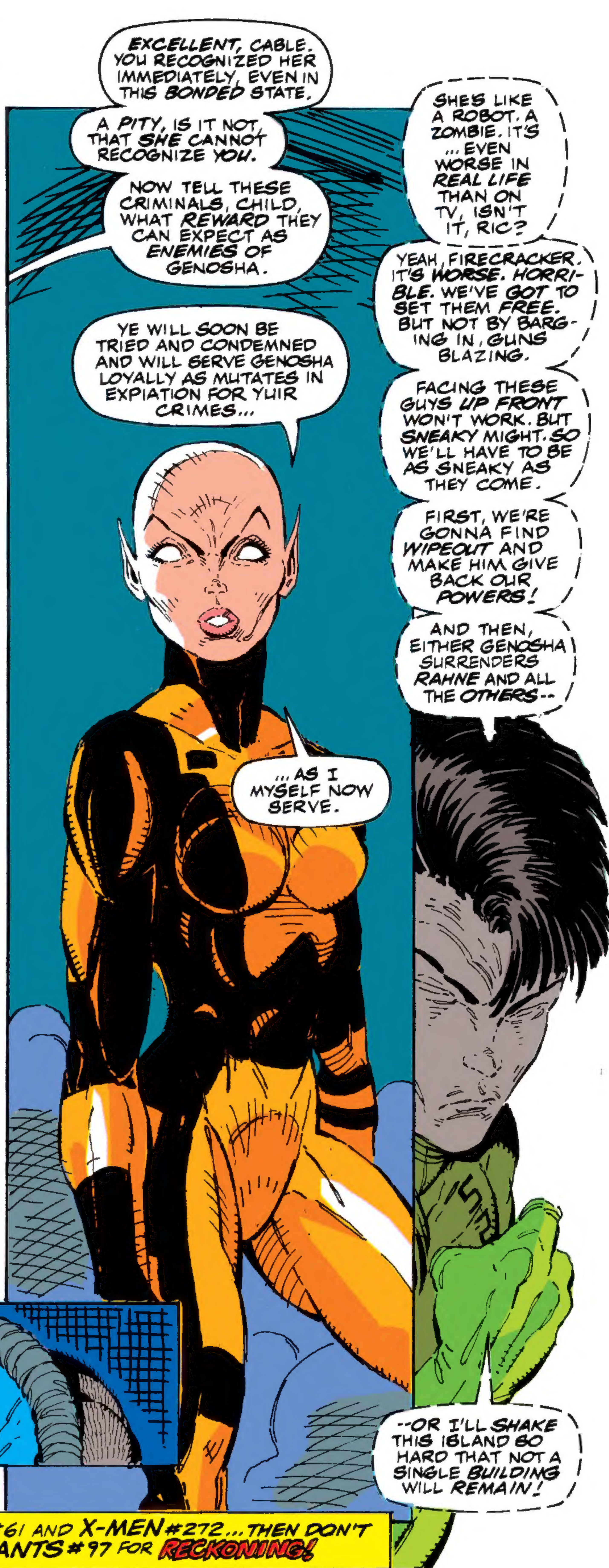
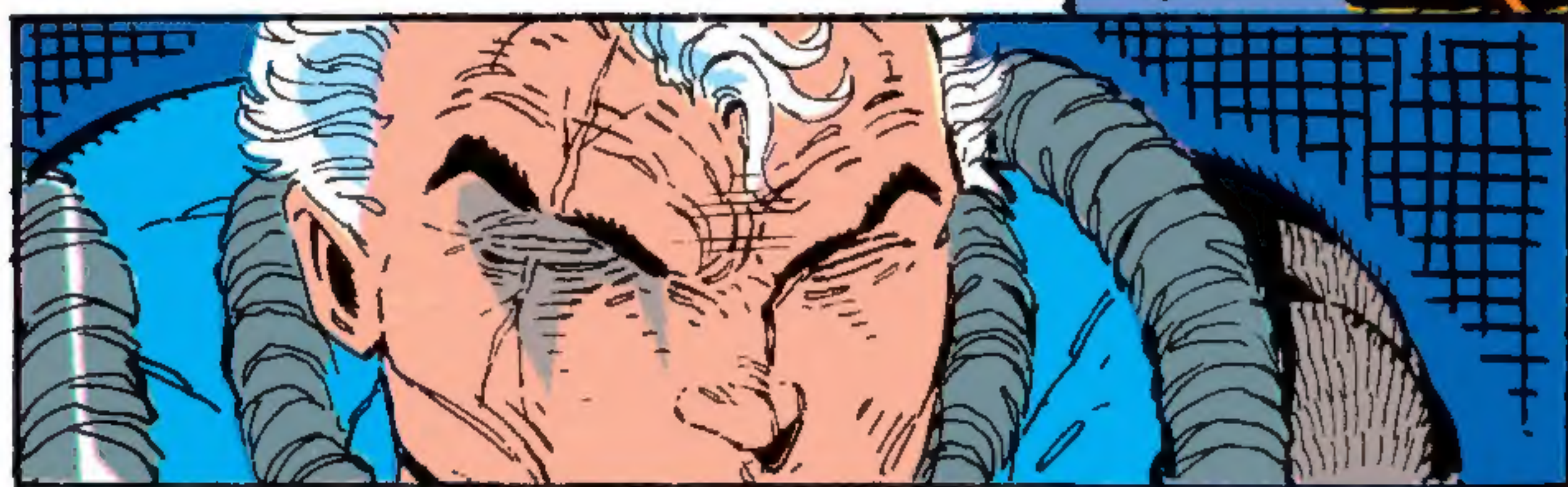
LOOK, ANOTHER
MUTATE'S COMING
FORWARD. IT'S...



DEAR LORD
IN HEAVEN,
IT CAN'T
BE...!

AH... NO,
MUTATE #490!
STEP MORE INTO
THE LIGHT, SO
THAT YOUR WOULD-
BE SAVIORS,
THESE DESPICA-
BLE MUTANT
TERRORISTS,
CAN SEE YOU!

RAHNE!



EXCELLENT, CABLE.
YOU RECOGNIZED HER
IMMEDIATELY, EVEN IN
THIS BONDED STATE.

A PITY, IS IT NOT
THAT SHE CANNOT
RECOGNIZE YOU.

NOW TELL THESE
CRIMINALS, CHILD,
WHAT REWARD THEY
CAN EXPECT AS
ENEMIES OF
GENOSHA.

YE WILL SOON BE
TRIED AND CONDEMNED
AND WILL SERVE GENOSHA
LOYALLY AS MUTATES IN
EXPIATION FOR YUIR
CRIMES...

... AS I
MYSELF NOW
SERVE.

SHE'S LIKE
A ROBOT. A
ZOMBIE. IT'S
... EVEN
WORSE IN
REAL LIFE
THAN ON
TV, ISN'T
IT, RIC?

YEAH, FIRECRACKER.
IT'S WORSE. HORRI-
BLE. WE'VE GOT TO
SET THEM FREE.
BUT NOT BY BARG-
ING IN, GUNS
BLAZING.

FACING THESE
GUYS UP FRONT
WON'T WORK. BUT
SNEAKY MIGHT. SO
WE'LL HAVE TO BE
AS SNEAKY AS
THEY COME.

FIRST, WE'RE
GONNA FIND
WIPEOUT AND
MAKE HIM GIVE
BACK OUR
POWERS!

AND THEN,
EITHER GENOSHA
SURRENDERS
RAHNE AND ALL
THE OTHERS--

--OR I'LL SHAKE
THIS ISLAND SO
HARD THAT NOT A
SINGLE BUILDING
WILL REMAIN!

SEE X-FACTOR #61 AND X-MEN #272... THEN DON'T
MISS NEW MUTANTS #97 FOR **RECKONING!**